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Poetry.

For the Blade.

SOMEWHERE.

JOHN W. BARNES.

Somewhere, beneath some unknown sky,
Mayhaps by the lonesome sea,
Or where the breezes chant and sigh
Over waving grass, on prairie high
Or on the flower-scented lea,
Or 'mid the city's jar and cry,
There waits some heart for me.

Some heart that beats akin so mine,
Some soul all leal and true,
With dear eyes by love divine,
Behind their fringes all ashine
With the light that trembles through—
With love that outlives the storms of time,
And anchors within the blue!

I know not when, I know not where,
Beside what lonesome sea,
Beneath what strange-named heaven fair,
We two shall meet, and pain and care
Be sweet when shared with thee;
But this I know: my fesh I'll wear—
My heart keep pure and free,

And some glad day, in God's own way,
We'll meet, whate'er betide;
Then, through joy and tears, through eternal years,
Our path's shall ne'er divide.
And so she waits, by the Future's gates,
With her gold hair like a crown,
With her eyes ashine with light divine,
With her soul all leal and true,
With her love unfold, that grows not cold,
And that anchors within the blue!

Grahaun, Mo.

Published by request.

REPLY TO "THE GYPSY'S WARNING."

Lady, do not heed her warning,
Trust me, thou shalt find me true;
Constant as the light of morning
I shall ever be to you.
Lady, I would not deceive you,
Fill my gentle heart with woe;
Trust me, lady, and believe me—
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasure, it would winter fast,
If so heartless could love and cherish
In this world of storm and blast.
See the stars that gleam above you,
Shine the brightest in the night;
So would he who fondly loves you,
In thy darkness, be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the tall, dark willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps.
In the morn, a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours,
Long he's seen the artist-stranger,
For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
Lay thy sorrows all on mine,
For I swear I not a truer lover
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moonlight brightens,
Then shalt slumber on my breast,
Tender work thy watchful eyes shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

Our Story Teller.

SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER I.

Matthew Brent, a small shop-keeper in Green street, Liverpool, was a widower with two daughters. Deborah, the elder, had plenty of tongue and mother-wit, but could not and would not study anything on earth if it had the misfortune to be written or printed. Sarah, the younger, showed attention and application from her childhood.

Her father cultivated those powers, for they are the roots of all excellence, and he knew it. He sent the girl to school, and there she learned the usual smattering; and one thing worth it all, viz. how to teach herself. Under that abler tuition she learned to write like a clerk, to keep her father's books, to remember the price of every article in the shop, to serve the customers when required, and to read for her own pleasure and instruction. At eighteen she was Brent's right hand all day, and his reader at night.

Deborah, who could only spell *The Mercury*, and would not do that if she could get Sally to read it out, stood her level as cook, housekeeper and market-woman. At twenty she was very tall, supple and muscular; comely but freckled, reddish hair, a very white skin, only it tanned easily. It revealed its natural beauty in her throat, and above all in the nape of her neck. This nape, snowy and firm, and a long row of wavy teeth, were her beauties. She married quite young—her father's cousin, a small farmer—and settled in Berkshire, her native country.

Sarah Brent was about two inches shorter than Deborah, but a figure; had an oval face full of modesty and gentle dignity. Her skin was also white, and revealed itself in her shapely hands as well as her alabaster throat. Her her brown, and so were two fearless eyes that looked at people full without staring. When she was nineteen a worthy young fellow, called Joseph Pinder, fell in love with her and courted her. He was sheepish and distant in his approaches, for he loved on her as a superior being. She never chattered, yet could always answer civilly and wisely; this, and her Madonna-like face, made Joe Pinder reverence her. Her father thought highly of him, and connived at his visits, and so they were often reen together in a friendly way; but when he began to make downright love to her, she told him calmly she could never go no farther than friendship; "and indeed," said she, "I would never leave my father for any young man."

Joseph Pinder knew that this declaration has often preceded connubial rites, and continued his friendly assiduities; and those two often came back from church together, he growing with delight at being near her, and she cool and friendly.

The Brents were in a small way of business, and Sarah's adorer was a decorative painter, and what is called in trade a "writer"—one of those astounding artists who, by skillful shading, make gilt letters appear concave or convex, or stand out bodily from a board or wall, and blazon a shop-keeper's name and business. On one occasion he had a large job of this sort to do in Manchester. It took him a fortnight, and led to another at Preston. In a month he came back with money in both pockets, and full of joy at the prospects of meeting Sarah again.

He found Brents at supper, and there was a young man with them who had a deal to say, and made the old man smile, while the women often looked furtively at him with undisguised complacency. This was a second cousin of Mr. Brent's, one James Mansell, a painter and grainer, who had settled in the town while Pinder was away.

Pinder's heart sank at this, and instead of exerting himself in vigorous competition, he became more silent and more depressed the James Mansell rattled away; in short, he was the whole party at all, because the other was good company.

After a while he said "Good-night."

A coquette would have followed him to the door and smothed matters; but that was not Sarah Brent's line; she said "Good-night kindly enough, but she never moved, and James Mansell's tongue resumed its headlong course.

This was the first of many scenes. Sarah was always kind, but cool, to her old admirer, and manifestly attracted by the new one. Indeed, it came this at last that Pinder could never get a walk with her alone except from church.

On one occasion he ventured on a mild remonstrance: "If you had not told me you would never leave your father, I should be almost afraid that James Mansell would entice you away from us all."

"From everybody else—but not from father."

One would think that was plain enough, but Joe could not realize it; and he went on to ask her if she could really find it in her heart to throw such an old friend as him over for a stranger.

She replied calmly, "Am I changed to you in any way? I always respected you, and I respect you still."

"That is a comfort, Sarah. But if this goes on, I'm afraid you will like another man far better than me, whether you respect me or not."

"That is my business," said she, firmly.

"Isn't it mine too, Sarah? We have kept company this two years."

"As friends; but nothing more. I have never misled you, and now if you are wise you will take up with some other girl. You can find as good as me."

"Not in this world."

"Nonsense, Joe, and besides—"

"Well, what?"

"I am one that forecasts a little, and I am afraid you will tease me, and pain yourself, and some day we shall part bad friends, and that would be a pity, after all."

"Nothing but death shall part us."

"Yes, this door will. Father is not well to-night." The door in question was the side door of her own house.

Pinder took the hint and bade her "Good night" affectionately.

He walked a little way out into the country by himself, wondering now whether she would ever be his. He was dejected, but not in despair. In his class of life men and women have often two or three warmish courtships before they marry. Sarah was of that sort, but this James Mansell would be as likely as not to leave the town and think no more of Sarah Brent. In his trade it was here to day and there to-morrow, and he did not look like a man to cling to the absent. Pinder returned homeward by Green street to have a last look at the shell which held his pearl.

As he passed by on the other side of the way James Mansell came and knocked at Mr. Brent's side door. Pinder waited with a certain degree of jealous malice to see him excluded. Sarah came to the door and parleyed; probably she told him her father was unwell. Pinder went on a little way, and then turned to see.

The colloquy continued. It seemed interminable. The woman he loved was in no hurry now to get back to her sick father, and when she did, what was the result? Mansell was invited in, after all, and the door of heaven closed upon him instead of in his face.

The watcher stood there transfixed with the poisoned arrow of jealousy. He was sick and furious by turns, and at last got frightened at himself, and resolved to keep out of the way of James Mansell, with whom he had no chance, Sarah's preference was now so clear.

But he was too much in love to forego the walks from church; and Sarah never objected to his company, nor, indeed, to his coming in to supper afterward. But he was sure to find his rival there, and be reduced to a sullen cipher.

So thing went on. He did not see what passed between Mansell and Sarah Brent. He open woolings of the man, the timid tumult in the woman, expanding, ripening, blushing, thrilling, and blooming in the new sunshine. But he discovered a good deal; she seemed gliding gradually away from him down a gentle but inexorable slope. She was as friendly in her cool way as ever but scarcely attended to him. Her mind seemed elsewhere at times, even in that short walk from church, sole relic now of their languid but unbroken friendship.

The time came when even this privilege was disputed. One Sunday James Mansell arrived in Green Street earlier than usual. He heard what was, so he came to meet her. She was walking with Pinder. Mansell had been drinking a little, and did not know, perhaps, how little cause he had for jealousy. He stepped rudely in between Pinder and Miss Brent, and took her arm, whereas Pinder had been walking merely by her side.

"What sort of manners are these?" said Pinder.

"They are my manners," said the other, haughtily. "She has no business to walk with you at all."

"Don't insult *her*, at all events. She has walked with me this two year."

"Well, then, now you can go and walk with some other girl."

"Not at your bidding, you brute."

"Oh, you want a hiding, do you?"

"No; it is you that want that."

James Mansell replied by a blow, which took Pinder unawares, and sent him staggering.

He would have followed it up, but Pinder stopped the second neatly, and gave him a smart one in return, crying, "Coward! to take a man unawares." Sarah was terrified, and clasped her hands. "Oh, pray do not quarrel about me!"

"Stand aloof," said Mansell, imperiously. "This must end." Sarah obeyed to man, who was evidently her master, but implored him not to hurt Joe Pinder—he was only a friend. The truth is Mansell had recounted such deeds of prowess that, what with his gasconades and her blind love, she thought no man could have a chance with him.

He sparred well, and hit Pinder several times, but rather short.

Both were soon infuriated and they were all over the street, fighting and raging.

Under similar circumstances Virgil's heifer browsed the grass in undisturbed tranquillity content to know that her mate would be the best bull of the two.

Not so Sarah Brent. She clasped her hands and screamed, and implored her hero to be merciful. Her conscience whispered that her inoffensive friend was being hardly used in every way.

Presently her hero, after administering several blows, and making his adversary bleed, received a left-handed stinger that made him recoil. Maddened by this, he rushed at Pinder to annihilate him. But Pinder was no novice either; he drew back on the point of his toe, and met James Mansell's rush with a tremendous slogger that sounded like a falling plank, and shot him to the earth at Sarah Brent's very feet, a distance of yards.

But it was changed in a moment; she literally bounded over the prostrate form, and stood between him and danger; for in Liverpool they fight up and down, as the saying is. "You wretch," she cried, "to kill the man I love!" It was Pinder's turn to stagger before that white cheek, and those fiery eyes, and that fatal word.

"Man you love!" said he.

"I do, I do! I love!" cried she, stabbing with swift feminine instinct the monster who had struck her love.

Then Pinder fell back, subdued, with a sigh of despair; she flung herself down, and raised James Mansell's head and sobbed hysterically over it.

Some people now came up; but Pinder in those few seconds had undergone a change. He stepped forward, thrust the people away, and kneeling down, lifted James Mansell up and took him under his arm. "Leave him to me, Sarah," said he.

"To you?" she sobbed.

"Ay; do you think I shall ever hurt him again, now you have told me you love him?" And he said it so finely she knew he meant it. Then he sent to the market publichouse for a sponge and some brandy, and meantime Mansell, who was tough, came to of himself; but the water and brandy completed his restoration to society. It was Pinder who sponged his face and nostrils, and took him to Brent's house. Sarah hovering near all the time like a hen over her chickens. She whipped into the house with her pass-key, and received her favorite at the door, then closed it gently, but decidedly—not that Joe Pinder would have come in if she had asked him. He did not even trust himself to say "Good-night." It was all over between him and her, and of course he knew it.

When she had got James Mansell safe she made him lie down on the little sofa, and sat at his head, applying cool linen rags to his swollen cheeks, and a cut upon the forehead due to Pinder's knuckles.

Presently her father came in from visiting a sick friend, and at sight of this group asked what was to do.

"It is that cruel Joe Pinder been beating him, father; I thought he had killed him."

"What for?"

Sarah blushed and was silent; she wouldn't own that James was the aggressor, and yet she wouldn't tell a falsehood.

"Joe Pinder!" said the old man: "he was never quarrelsome; there's not a better-hearted young man in the town nor a more respectable. Now you tell me what was the quarrel about?"

"Oh, father!" said Sarah, deprecatingly.

"Ay! ay! I needn't ask," said the old man. "It was about a woman, eh? You might have been better employed, all three, this Sabbath evening."

"Well, sir, Sarah was only coming home from church this Sabbath evening," said Mansell; "but as for me, I was as much to blame as the other; so say no more about it."

Sarah whispered, "You are very generous." The subject dropped till the old man retired to rest, and then James Mansell, who had been brooding delivered himself thus: "He is not half a bad sort, that Joe Pinder. But he is one too many for me, or I am one too many for him, so you must make up your mind this night which is to be your husband, and give the other the sack."

This was virile, and was entitled to a feminine reply. It came immediately, in what, perhaps, if we could know the truth, is a formula—not a word—nor even a syllable—but a white wrist passed round the neck, and a fair head deposited like down upon the shoulder of her conqueror.

Joseph Pinder grieved and watched but troubled the lovers no more. James Mansell pressed Sarah to name the day. She objected. Her father's health was breaking, she would not leave him. Mansell urged her; she stood firm. He accused her of not loving him; she sighed, and wondered he could say that, but was immovable.

By-and-by it all came to her father's ears. He sent for a lawyer directly, and made the shop and house over to Sarah by deed of gift. Then he told her she need not wait for his death; he would prefer to see her happy with the man of her choice, and also to advise her in business for the little while he had to live.

So the banns were cried, and Joseph Pinder heard in silence, and in due course James Mansell was united to Sarah Brent in holy matrimony.

In its humble way this was a promising union. The man was twenty-seven, the woman twenty, and thoughtful beyond her years. They had health and love and co-partnership; moreover, the man's work took him out of the woman's way, except at meals, and in the evening. Now nothing sweetens married life, and divests it of monotony and *ennui*, more than these daily partings and meetings. Mansell had three trades, and in one of them (graining) he unquestionably excelled. It is now that her mate would be the best bull of the two.

In any class of life it is a fine thing when both spouses can contribute a share to the joint income. This is one of the boons found oftenest among the middle classes. Most laborer's wives can only keep house, and few gentlemen's wives can earn a penny.

The Mansells, then, upon a large and wide survey of life, were in a happy condition—happier far than any pair who do not earn their living.

One day a great sorrow came, but not unexpectedly. Matthew Brent died peacefully, blessing his daughter and his son-in-law.

The next day came a joyful event, Sarah's child was born—a lovely girl.

Mighty nature contorted the bereaved daughter, and soon the home was as cheerful as ever.

Indeed, it was not till the third year of her marriage that a cloud appeared, and that seemed a small one, no bigger than a man's hand.

James Mansell began to come home Saturday night instead of Saturday afternoon; and the reason was clear, he smelled of liquor; and though always sober, his speech was thick on these occasions.

Sarah, who had forecast, was alarmed, and spoke in time. She remembered something her father—an observant man—had said to her in his day, viz., that your clever specimens of the class which may be called artist-mechanics are often addicted to liquor.

However, this prudent woman thought it best not to raise an argument about drink; she merely represented to her husband that there was now a run upon her shop Saturday afternoon and evening, and really it was more than she could manage without his assistance; wood he be so good as to help her? He assisted readily enough, and then the Saturday afternoons became her happiest time. He himself seemed to enjoy the business and the bustle and his wife's company.

But by-and by he came home very late on Monday, with the usual signs of a drop; then she advised him and entreated him, but never scolded him. He acquiesced, and was perfectly good-tempered, though in the wrong. But one day in the week he would come home late, and mumble what is called the Queen's English, but I believe the people hold a few shares in it. Sarah was disappointed, and a little alarmed, but began to nope it would go no further at all events. However, one Saturday, in a pleasure, he did not come to help her in the shop, did not even come home to supper, and she had made such a nice supper for him. She sat at the window and fretted, she went from the window to her sleeping child and back again, restless and apprehensive.

At midnight, when the whole street was still, footsteps rang on the pavement. She looked out and saw two men, each with an arm under the shoulder of a third, hoisting him along. She darted to the street door, and received her husband from the hands of two men who were perfectly sober. One of them turned on his heel and walked swiftly away at the sight of her. But she saw him—for the first time this three years.

It was Joseph Pinder.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Mansell began his bibulous career with a redeeming quality more common in Russia than in England—good-natured in his cups. He chuckled feebly, and opposed the inertia of matter only, whilst the dismayed wife pulled him and pushed him, and at last got him down on the floor, and in the shop parlor. Then she whipped off his neck-tie, and washed his face in diluted lavender water, and put her salts to his nose. Being now on his back, he soon went to sleep and breathed sonorously, whilst she sat in her father's arm chair and watched him bitterly and sadly.

At first his hard drinking alarmed her, and she sat waiting to avert apoplexy.

But toward morning sleep over-came her. Then daylight coming in with a shoot awakened her, and she looked round on the scene. The room in disorder, her husband sleeping off his liquor, she in her father's arm-chair, not the comfortable first.

Her first thought was, "Oh, if father could see us now this Sabbath morn!" she got up sadly, and lighted fires; then went up-stairs, washed and dressed the little girl, and made her lisp a prayer. Then, not choosing the daughter to see the father in his present condition, she went down and waked him, and made him wash his face and tidy himself. He asked for brandy; she looked him in the face, and said, "No, not one drop." But he was ill and coaxed her. She gave him a table-spoonful, and then ground some coffee and gave him a cup hot and strong.

She was not a hasty woman, she showed him a face grave and sad, but she did not give him her mind. So then he opened the subject himself.

"This will be a warning to me,"

"I hope so," said she gravely.

"Can't think how I came to be overcome like that."

"By putting yourself in the way of it. If you had been helping me at the shop, that needed your help, it would have been better for you and for me too."

"Well, I will after this. It is a warning."

She began to relent. "Well, James, if you take it to heart, I will not be too hard, for where is the use of nagging at a man when he owns his fault? But, oh, James, I am so mortified! Who do you think brought you home?" He tried to remember, but could not. "Well, one of them was the last man in Liverpool I would have to see you let yourself down so. It was Joe Pinder."

"I never noticed him. What, was he tight too?"

"No; if he had been, I wouldn't have minded so much. He was sober, and you were—"

The man did not seize the woman's sentiment. He said, carelessly, "Oh, 'twas he brought me safe home, was it? He is not half a bad sort, there."

Sarah looked at this plain, straight-forward view of her old lover's conduct. She had a greater desire to be just than most women have, but she labored under feminine disabilities. She was silent, and weighed Mansell's view of the matter, but came back to her own. "I do hope," said she, "you will never be so overtook again to think of your child—but if you are, oh! pray don't come home on that man's arm. I'd crawl home on all fours sooner if I was you."

"All right," said he, vaguely. Then she took this opportunity to beg him to go to church with her that morning. Hitherto he had always declined, but now he consented almost eagerly. He clutched at a composition. He said, "Sally, them that sin must suffer." The fact is, he expected to hear his conduct denounced from the pulpit. Catch the pulpit doing anything of that kind! The pulpit is not practical, and meddles little with immorality; and rarely gives ten consecutive minutes to that particular vice which overruns the land. James Mansell sat under a drizzle of thin generalities, and came home complacent.

His wife was pleased with him, and still more when he took her and Lucy for a walk in the evening, and they carried the child by turns.

After this the man kept within bounds; he soaked, but could always walk home. To be sure, he began to diffuse moderate inebriety over the whole week. This caused the good wife great distress of mind, and led to practical results that alarmed the mother and the woman of business. Mansell was still the first grainer in the place, and the tradesmen would have employed him by preference if he could have been relied on to finish his jobs. But he was so uncertain; he would go to dinner, and stop at a public-house; would spend an hour to commence, and break a public-house. He tired out one good customer after another. The joint income declined in consequence, and, as generally happens, their expenses increased, for Mrs Mansell, getting no help from her husband, was obliged to take a servant.

Often in the evening she would close her shop early, leave her child under strict charge of the girl, and go to some public-house, and there coax and remonstrate, and get him away at last.

With all this, she was as true as steel to him. She never was known to admit he was a drunkard. The most she would acknowledge to angry tradesmen, and that somewhat haughtily, was that he took a drop now and then to put away the smell of the paint.

But in private she was not so easy. She expostulated, she remonstrated, she reproached, and sometimes lost heart, and wept bitterly at his behavior.

All this had its effect. The invectives galled Mr. Mansell's vanity; the tears bored him; the total made him sullen, and alienated his affection. The injured party forgave freely; not the wrong-doer. As he never hit hit her—which is a vent—this gracious person began to hate her. But her love remained as invincible as his vice.

Deborah's husband died suddenly of apoplexy. Sarah dared not go to comfort her, and would not tell the reason. She begged the mourners to come to her.

Deborah came, and the sisters rocked together, country fashion, crying; though such different characters, they had a true affection for each other.

By-and-by Deborah told her, with another burst of grief, her husband had left her nothing but debt. She was next door to a beggar.

"Not while I live," was the quiet reply. "Stay with me for good, that is all." The servant was discharged at Deborah's request: she said she must work hard or die of grief. Accordingly she went about crying, but working, and all the steel things began to shine and the brass to glitter, because there was a bereaved widow in the house.

This was a great comfort in every way to Sarah; she could leave the house with more confidence when her beloved had to be dragged away from liquid ruin, and also it did her good to sympathize with her bereaved sister. She forbore at that time to tell Deborah her own trouble; and this trait indicates, I think, the depth of her character.

As for Deborah, she soon cried herself out, and one afternoon Sarah heard her laughing with the banker's man—laughing from the chest, as young ladies are ordered to sing (but forbidden by Sir Corset), and an active lower than she had ever spoken up-stairs since she came.

Sarah was surprised, and almost shocked at first. But she said to herself, "Poor Deb, she is as light-hearted as ever; and why should she break her heart for him? he wouldn't for her."

By-and-by Deborah used to leave the house when her work was done, if Sarah staid at home. She could not read, so she must walk and she must talk. She had not a single book this five years; but her powers of conversation were developed. She had a round connection, price in two markets weekly, and picked up plenty of country proverbs and market chaff.

She soon took to visiting all her old acquaintances in the place, and talked nineteen to a dozen—and here observe a phenomenon. Her whole vocabulary was about nine hundred words. Across you and I know ten thousand and more, yet she would ring a triple bob major on that small vocabulary, and talk learned us to a standstill. As her talk was all gossip, she soon knew more about the Mansells than they knew themselves, and heard that Mansell drank and lived upon his wife.

This gave her honest concern. Now she held the clew to Sarah's absences and frequent return with her husband in charge and inarticulate. She did not blurt it out to her sister, nor was she angry at her want of confidence. She knew Sarah's character, and rather admire' her for not exposing her man to any but one creature. Still, when she did know it, she threw out so many hints one after another that Sarah, who, poor soul, yearned for sympathy, made at last a partial disclosure, with many a sigh.

Deborah made light of it, and hoped it was only for a time, and after all Sarah was glad she knew, for Deborah's tongue was not in reality so loose as it was fluent. She could chatter without any appearance of reserve, and yet be as close as wax. She brought home to Sarah all she heard, but she never told anything out of the house.

One day she said to Sarah, "Do you know a man called Varney—Dick Varney?" Sarah said she had never heard his name.

"Then," said Deborah, "you ought to know him."

"Why?"

"Because when you know your enemy you can look out for him, and he is your enemy after a manner; for 'tis he that leads your husband astray, so that young man said."

"What young man?"

"I think his name is Spencer, and somebody called him Joe; he was a good-looking chap away. I suppose he is a friend of Jemmy Mansell's. Somebody did praise you for a good daughter and a good wife, but one that had made a bad bargain; then that was the signal for each to have a fling at Jemmy Mansell. Never you mind what they said. This handsome chap stood up for him, and said the man was a first-rate workman, and made no bad husband, but he got a scamp, this Dick Varney. So then I told the the young chap who I was, and he seemed quite pleased like, and said he had heard of me. Of course what he said I stood by. I said there couldn't be a better husband or a better man—bar drink—than James Mansell."

Sarah thanked her, but said, "Oh, that we should come to be talked of!"

"Everybody is, within walls," said Deborah, "and them that listens learns. By the same token, you keep your eye on that Varney."

"How can I? I don't know him."

"No more you do, and what a stupid I must be not to ask that good-looking chap more about him. I wonder who he is; I will ask James."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Describe him to me."

"Well, he is tall and broad-shouldered, and has light hair, and dark gray eyes like jewels, and teeth as white as milk, and a gentle, pleasant way; looks a bit sad, he does, as if he had been crossed in love, but that is not likely—no woman would be such a fool that had eyes in her head. Then he was very clean and neat, like a man that respected himself, and lowered his voice to speak to a woman. There's a duck!"

Sarah looked a little surprised at this ardent description. However, she reflected—and, I suppose, she thought there must be some truth in it, though it had not struck her. Then she said, carelessly, "What was his business?"

"I think he was in the same way as James himself."

"Was his name Pinder?—Joseph Pinder?"

"That, or something. The name was new to me, but Joseph for certain."

"Well, if it is Joseph Pinder, I will ask you not to make acquaintance with him. You seem to be making acquaintances very fast for a woman in your condition."

"My condition," said Debarah. "Why, that is where it is—I can't bear to think. I must work or talk. It is very unkind of you to cast my condition in my teeth."

"I didn't mean to, Deb. There, forgive me."

"With all my heart—you have got your own trouble. Only give me a reason why I am not to speak to this Joseph—such an outlandish name—this handsome Joe."

"Well, then, one reason is, he courted me after a fashion."

"Oh, ho! is that where the shoe pinches?"

"We used to walk together like two children till my man came; then they quarreled, and that Pinder beat him, and I can't forgive it, and the first night James was quite overtaken with liquor Pinder brought him home, and it was like a knife to my heart to see."

"Poor Sally! you saw you had chosen the wrong one."

"Chosen the wrong one!" cried Sarah, contemptuously. "I wouldn't give my James's little finger, drunk or sober, for a thousand Joseph Pinders. There, it is no use talking to you. You don't understand a word I say. Anyway, I do beg of you not to make acquaintance with the man, nor let him know what passes in this house."

"Why, of course not, Sally if you say the word. What is the man to me? Your will is my pleasure, and your word my law."

This, from an elder sister, merited an embrace, and it received a very tender one.

At last it came to this, that nobody in the town who knew James Mansell would employ him.

Instead of contributing his share, he lived entirely on his wife, at home and abroad; and he lived ill. So the house was divided against itself. The husband, the bread-winner in theory, was doing all he could to ruin the family; two brave women were fighting, tooth and nail, to save it. They were losing ground a little, and that alarmed Sarah terribly; but then she had a reserve—sixty pounds hidden in an iron box, with a good key. She never told her husband of this. She hid it for his good. The box was a small one, but she had it fastened with strong iron clamps to the wall, and she kept salables before it to hide it.

Mansell's extravagance she fed from the till, not without comments, gaave and sorrowful, not bitter; yet they imbittered him. The man's vanity was prodigious: it equaled his demerit.

Whilst the brave wife and mother was thus battling with undeserved adversity, she received a new alarm.

Being single-handed in the shop it was her way to prepare, with Deborah's assistance, weighed and marked packets of sugar, tea, soda, and other things; and one evening they had taken a lump of Irish butter out of the tub and weighed it into pounds, and left it on a slab. Early in the morning a customer came for a pound. This was weighed off, and left so small a residue that Mrs. Mansell weighed it, and found there was only one pound and a half one.

She could hardly believe her senses at first, but the weight was clear. She asked Deborah, with assumed carelessness, how much butter they had weighed out last night. Deborah replied, without hesitation, "Five pounds."

After that day she looked more closely into the stock, and she detected losses and diminutions. One day a slice off a side of bacon; another, a tin of preserved meats; in short, a system of pilfering. She shrank from the idea of theft, if it could be accounted for in any way. She thought it just possible, though not likely, that Deborah had made free with these things for the use of the house. She told her what she had discovered, and asked her as delicately as possible whether she ever came to the shop for anything that was wanted in her kitchen.

Deborah went off like a woman of gunpowder cross-examined by a torch. "Me take anything out of your shop for my kitchen?"

"Well, 'tis my kitchen and all—'twould only be from Peter to Paul."

The other was not to be pacified so, "Me take what does not belong to me! Oh, have I lived to be suspected by my own sister? I'd cut off this farm sooner than I would steal with this hand. I never wronged a creature of a farthing, or a farthing's worth, in all my life. Send me home. Send me to the workhouse, I am not fit to be trusted—and so many things about. Oh! oh! oh! oh!" and down she sat and rocked.

"There! there! there!" cried Saran coming swiftly and sitting beside her. "Now where would have been the harm if you had taken things for our own use? And might as I ito ask you before I suspected something worse? Oh, Deborah, haven't I trouble enough that you must cry and set me off too? Oh! oh! You might think a little of me as well as yourself. Is it nothing to you that I am robbed and all? Haven't I trouble enough without that? There, give over, that's a dear, and I'll give you a new print this very day."

Deborah dried up directly, and her sentiments shifted like the wind. "I wish I had them that rob you," and she, and she extended her great, long powerful arm formidably.

"We must watch day and night, dear," said Mrs. Mansell, gloomily, and with a weary air, and she took it all to heart, even the pain she had given Deborah, whose mind was like running water, and retained no trace of the deluge in ten minutes. Not so the deeper nature. Mrs. Mansell brooded over it all, and when the shop was shut, she sat in the parlor—sat and suffered. James Mansell was out as usual. She sat and looked at Lucy, and wondered what would be her own fate and her child's at the end of this desperate struggle. She became hysterical—a rare thing with her—and Deborah found her trembling all over where she sat and quite shaken. She was despondent and exasperated by turns. She had twitches all over her body, and hot tears ran out at her eyes.

It was a woman's breakdown, and Deborah, who knew the female constitution, just sat beside her and held her hand. Sarah clung to his hand, and clutched it every now and then convulsively. She spoke in broken sentences. "Too many things against me; drunkenness here; theft there. It will end in the work-house! How else can it end? I'm glad father's dead. Poor father! Have I lived to say that?" The talkative Deborah said never a word, so Sarah began to calm down by degrees with gentle sighs and tremors.

Unluckily, before she was quite calm, Mansell knocked at the door. Sarah could tell his knock, or his foot-step, or any sound he made, in a moment. Her face beamed. It was early for him. He was sober, and she could tell him of this new trouble.

Deborah ran to let him in. Sarah stood up smiling to welcome him.

He blundered into the room, beastly drunk, necked loose, eyes blood-shot; he could just k—ri in his legs.

Sarah saw Toledo p her child with the strength of ——ss, flung one full and fiery look o——r and disgust right in her husband's f——, then rushed majestically from the roo—, carrying her child across her arm.

Drunk as he was, the brute staggered under this tremendous glance and eloquent rush. He blundered against the mantel-piece, and hung his head.

Deborah set her arms akimbo. "You've done this once too often," she said grimly, and her eyes glittered at him wickedly.

"Mind your own business," said he. "Why did she run away from me like that?"

"Because of the child, you may be sure. There, don't let us quarrel. Will you have your supper, now you are here?"

"I don't want my supper; I want my wife. You go and fetch her directly." He was excited, and Deborah, determined to keep peace, took his message to Sarah in Lucy's bedroom.

Sarah was shaking all over, and refused to come. "I dare not," said she. "I am in such a state I feel I might say or do something I should rue afterward, for I love him. Would to God I had never seen him, but I love him. Go you and pacify him. I shall sleep here beside my child."

Deborah went down, and found Mansell in the arm-chair, looking spiteful. She told him Sarah was not well. She could not come down.

"Humbug!" roared James Mansell; "she is shamming—I'll go and fetch her down," and he bounced up. Deborah whipped before the door. "Stand out of my way," said he, loftily, and came blundering at her. She pinned him directly by the collar with both hands, shook him to and fro as a dog does a rat, then put both hands suddenly to his breast, made a grand rush forward with him, and with a double power of her loins and her great long arms shot him all across the room into the arm-chair with such an impetus that the chair went crashing against the wall, and the man in it head down, feet up.

Mr. Mansell stared dumfounded at first. He thought some supernatural power had disposed of him. He did not allow for suddenness, and was not aware that pulling and pushing go by weigh, and that strapping Deborah, without an ounce of fat, weighed two stones more than he did, owing to certain laws of construction not worth particularizing *a la française*.

"I never laid my hand on a woman," said he, moodily.

"I'm not so nice," replied Deborah, erect, with her fists upon her hips. "I can lay my hands on a man—for his good. I've had that much to do afore now, and I never found one could master me, bar hitting, which I call cowardly."

Then, as time was up for a change of sentiment—eighty whole seconds—she shifted to friendly advice.

"Jemmy, my man," said she, "women are curious creatures. They are not themselves at times. Our Sally has got the nerves. She might fling a knife at you if you tormented her just now, sobbing over her child. Take my advice, now, that is a friend to both of you. Let her a-be. If you don't upset her no more to night, which I declare *you sha'n't*, she'll be as sweet as honey in the morning."

"She may be," said Mansell, sullenly, "but I shall not. If she lies away from me to-night, I'll lie away from her a year or more, mind that."

"Where? In the union?"

"No. That is as much as to say she keeps me."

"And doesn't she? Where does the money come from you spend in drink?"

"I have got an offer of work."

"Work? It isn't under your skin."

"Not here, but this is in America. Such work as mine is paid out there, and I can make my fortune, and not have it flung in my face I'm living on a woman."

Deborah did not think this gasconade worth replying to. She suggested repose as the best thing for him after the hard work he had gone through—lifting mugs and quarterns all the way from the counter to his teeth. With much trouble she got him up the stairs, and took off his neck-cloth and loosened his shirt collar. Then she retired for a reasonable time, and when he was in bed came and took away the candle from him as she would from a child. He called to her.

"Hear my last word."

"No such luck," said she, dryly.

"Hold your tongue."

"If I hold my tongue I shall slobber my teeth."

"Can you listen a moment?"

"If I hold my breath."

"Then mind this. If she leaves me like this, I'll leave *her*. I won't be taken up and put down by any woman."

"I'll tell her, my man," said she to quiet him; then took away his candle, and went down-stairs to her own room, for she slept on the kitchen floor. She seized a feather-bed, lugged it up the stairs, and made up a bed on the floor for Sarah. "He is all right," said she, and not a word more. Then she went down-stairs, and put her red hair in curl-papers—for she was flirting all round (No. 1 has been dead six months)—and slept like a stone upon a hard mattress, not harder than her own healthy limbs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

NO. XI.

EARLY MORNING IN THE GREAT CITY.

Paris very early in the morning, say at 5 o'clock in the early spring, when at that hour it is still dark, is a study. There is a strange mingling of sound and silence, of life and death, that strikes one singularly. It is not death, it is life in suspense. Life in the shadow of the darkness. You see it indistinctly—it manifests itself more to the ear than the other senses.

You strike into the Champs Elysees at the Arc du Triomphe and come down towards the business part of the city. The long lines of houses are as still as death. There are no lights gleaming from their windows, no evidences of life within their walls. But the street itself is alive, and you see as much of it as the dim light of the street lamps chooses to disclose. But it is life under a pall.

THE MARKET PEOPLE.

The market people are coming in with the supplies for the coming day, and no insignificant processions they make. A city of 2,000,000 of people requires a vast amount of provisions, and the greater part of it has to be supplied daily. It comes in from all over the country by rail, and from the various stations is taken to the vast markets in wagons, and they must needs be on the way betimes, for the Parisian housekeeper is an early bird and gets about her work in good season.

Like the wise woman in the scriptures she rises while it is yet night and has her maids at their work. The keeper of the Pension and the caterer for the hotel must have their supplies very early in the morning, the laborer's wife is at the markets very early, and they must have the meats and vegetables that are the freshest. Even though it be horse meat they buy, they want fresh horse. Therefore the long lines of great wagons, loaded high with vegetables, and heavily with meats, make a seemingly unending procession, all going in one direction. The amount seems enormous, but bear in mind there are two millions of stomachs to fill three times, and it requires many wagons to make 6,000,000 meals.

THE SUNLIGHT.

As you pass along down the street, there comes the first faint streaks of light in the eastern sky, which increases every minute in strength. With the coming of the first beams life seems to awaken in the houses. Occasional shutters are thrown open in a lazy sort of way, as though the throwers had just arisen, and, compelled to do something, in a mechanical, drowsy way had done this. The sun has a half-hour struggle with the street lamps which are finally completely vanquished. The little flame which was a great flame, a power, an hour ago, is as nothing now—even in the dim, cold grey of the early dawn. Conspicuous in the darkness of midnight, they are contemptibly insignificant now, under the greater light that overwhelms them, and the gas men come and extinguish them, as if to save their self-respect by retiring them from a hopeless competition.

There is much in time, place and surroundings. The gas jet had a brave look two hours ago, but in the presence of the great luminary it is assuredly insignificant and not to be noticed. Very many a man looms up largely in poor surroundings, but becomes very small elsewhere. The great man of Smithville is a very small man in Washington.

ON THE BOULEVARDS.

You reach the boulevards at say 6 o'clock, and find everything astir, for that is when the life of a great mass of people closes. There issues from the hotels troops of elegantly arrayed people, who have just danced, and ate, and drank, and made love, or pretended to, all the night, and jaded and worn, are on their way to their homes where they will sleep till three in the afternoon, when a drive in the Bois de Boulogne commences their day.

Groups of women who have walked the streets all night are crawling toward their wretched apartments to make sleep take the place of food, or to gain some strength by rest for another night of unholy dissipation. The gambling houses vomit forth upon the streets the hawks and pigeons that they have held all night, for there is a limit to human endurance. The pigeon is worn out with excitement and stimulants, and the hawk is willing to let him go, for he knows he will return, and keep returning, till he is plucked to the last pin-feather. The miserable thief is slipping away to his rest, for the good sun is a more thorough protector of honesty than all the policemen in the world.

A little later, only a little, and the workmen of Paris, men, women, boys and girls begin to show themselves, for capital is exacting and insists upon all the minutes it is entitled to. Honest labor gets out of its bed refreshed, just as vice and pleasure, jaded and worn, get into theirs. The rag-picker and garbage collectors have been on the streets for some time, for the shops and work-houses

Recent Literature.

D. Lothrop & Company, Boston, issue "Last Evening with Allston, and Other Papers," by Elizabeth J. Peabody. The venerable author of the papers and essays in this volume was an intimate friend of the famous American painter, to whose life and genius the two leading papers of the book are devoted. She considers him to have been the greatest among American artists, and besides his genius, she regards him as almost the ideal man. Her criticism of his work may be somewhat colored by her admiration of his character, and yet she has given to give from a purely critical standpoint. There is a charm about the writing which adds to the interest of the subject, and one who takes up the book will be loth to lay it down again before reaching the end.

"Katy of Catoctin; or the Chain-breakers" is a novel by the well known newspaper correspondent, George Alfred Townsend, (Gath), and published by D. Appleton & Company, New York. The scenes of the story are laid in the picturesque district of Maryland from the Catholic tide water counties to the Dunker settled valleys, and in Washington and Baltimore. It begins with John Brown's invasion of Virginia and covers the period extending from that time to the assassination of Lincoln. Most of the historical characters of the administration, Lincoln, Seward, and Stanton, also are brought into the story in some manner or other. The turbulent, ill-balanced character of John Wilkes Booth, his cowardly nature and inordinate vanity, are clearly outlined. The incidents preceding and leading up to the great crime of the century are ingeniously connected and graphically told. The heroine of the love story which runs through the book is Katy Bosler, a member of a community of Dunkers in West Maryland, and the peculiarities of this singular religious sect add a picturesque effect to the story. As a literary work the novel is characterized by the same merits and defects which mark the author's previous efforts, but it is historically interesting and some of its descriptive passages are brilliant. Price $1.50.

"The Silence of Dean Maitland" also issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, is a novel by Maxwell Grey and a finely written one. The plot is based upon the hypocrisy of a High Church clergyman who rises to eminence while a sinner both in act and in silence. The author is thought to be a woman, and by the originality and beauty of the treatment of her subject has shown that she possesses genius of a high order, which promises much for the future. English critics have said much in praise of the story, and are looking forward to the next effort of the writer.

"Pingleton, or Queer People I Have Met," by Talbot Burke, is issued in paper covers by W. T. Burke & Co., New York. It consists of a number of clever and entertaining sketches connected in the form of a narrative, the subjects of which are two country greenhorns who went to New York to see the sights. The book is bright and entertaining, and has a meaning beyond mere pleasure-going.

The "Woman Suffrage Cook Book," edited by Mrs. Hattie A. Burr and published in aid of the festival and bazaar held in Boston in December, is made up of thoroughly tested and reliable recipes for cooking, directions for the care of the sick, and practical suggestions. "These were contributed," says the editor, by those "among whom are many eminent in their professions as teachers, lecturers, physicians ministers and authors, whose names are household words in the land," and the book is unique in that respect. It is an excellent and valuable work for the housekeepers. Address the editor, 12 Wayne street, Boston. Price, 50 cents.

"The Martyr of Golgotha" is a picture of oriental tradition written by Enrique Perez Escrich and translated from the Spanish by Adele Josephine Godoy. The peculiar style of the work, it having a sort of picturesque expression, will attract readers, though it is doubtful whether it will carry them all through the two volumes. The historical characters in the Bible are introduced, and the rude scenes of those days described in vivid language. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York. Paper, 50 cents per volume.

"The Cruise of the Black Prince' Privateer," by Commander V. Lorett Cameron, is issued by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and New York. It is a thrilling story by the commander of the perils and excitement attending an English privateer in a voyage down the coast of Africa and across to the West Indies in a time when there was constant danger. There is a sort of sea flavor about the book which is refreshing, while a very pretty love story runs through the book.

From the same publishers comes "The Veteran and His Pipe," which is a volume made up of a score of papers republished from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. They are philosophical reflections upon the war of the rebellion and contain many patriotic suggestions, treating of the death of Lincoln, the battle of Gettysburg, Memorial day and kindred subjects. The spirit of these discussions is admirable, and they are written in a familiar, chatty style, which adds much to their interest.

"A Girls Room," by some friends of the girls, also from D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, is a very interesting and practical work for those for whom it is designed. Each of the 24 chapters deals with a special subject. Some of them are "Curtains and Coverlets," "Rugs and Mats," "Work-Baskets," "Making Aprons," "Birch Bark Articles," "Calendars," etc. As may be seen, it is designed to teach girls something besides embroidery, lace work, and other things which are simply ornamental. It should be very popular.

Literary Notes.

William Morris's forthcoming pamphlet is entitled "The Aims of Art."

Mr. Habberton's story, "Brueton's Bayou," has received ungrudging praise from "The London Academy."

Babyhood for January contains a number of popular medical articles which all parents ought to read.

The January number of the *Cosmopolitan* contains a remarkably bright and interesting series of articles.

The *Publishers' Weekly* for January 15 has a very good article upon "The Value of Old Books," republished from the *Christian Union*.

F. T. Jones & Co., New York, have issued a neat edition of "Marion Lescaut," translated by Arthur W. Gundry, with illustrations by Lelolr.

"That Other Person," a novel by Mrs. Alfred Hunt, is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It is a pleasantly written story of English life of a rather conventional plot.

Robert Browning's new volume of verse —which is to bear the queer title of "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day"—is to be brought out here by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Charles Scribner's Sons have in press a novel entitled "The Jesuits' Ring," by A. A. Hayes, who has written some clever stories of Western life. The forthcoming one is a story of the Mt. Desert of to-day.

"One Hundred Days in Europe," is the title which Dr. Holmes has given to the forthcoming series of articles describing his journey abroad. The first paper will appear in the *Atlantic* for March.

A little book which promises to be of use to students of Spanish is in the press of Ginn & Co. It is a collection of "Spanish Idioms," with their English equivalents, embracing over 10,000 phrases. S. G. Becker and Federico Mora are the compilers.

Mrs. Logan's first contribution to magazine pages will appear in *The Chautauquan* for February. Her subject is "Official Etiquette in Washington." She has also prepared for another number of this magazine a paper on "Women in the Departments at Washington."

Ward & Downey, London, announce for early publication Prince Kropotkine's "In French and Russian Prisons," Mr. Robert Buchanan's "A Look Round Literature," and "The Personal Recollections of the Duc de Broglie," translated by Mr. Lodos de Beaufort.

Probably not many people know to what an extent one of Mr. Habberton's books is read in America. It may be guessed from the fact that the two hundredth edition of "Helen's Babies" has just been brought out by the Petersons.

In Great Britain last year the novels published exceeded in number the volumes belonging to any other branch of literature. There are 755 works of fiction on the list—214 of these being new editions. Religious books come next; there were 616 of these, and 136 were new editions.

Some years ago the author of "John Halifax, Gentlemen," published a "Parable for Young and Old," entitled "The Little Lame Prince and his Travelling Clock," with 24 illustrations by Mr. J. McL. Ralston. The volume has been out of print for some time, but we understand that a new edition will be issued immediately by Messrs Macmillan & Co.

"Princess Casamassima" is much admired by the reviewer of the London *Spectator*, but he nevertheless reaches a conclusion not favorable to the book. "With all its extraordinary interest," he says, "this sort of novel is the novel of a writer who thinks all the world aimless, and loves to exaggerate that aimlessness in his own description of it."

THE FASHION IN TROUSERS.

Blakely Hall on Freaks and Frailties—The Evolution of Breeches.

Men of fashion are going daft this year on the subject of loose clothes. In the matter of trousers they are vaulting beyond the limits of the meal-bag itself, and no nearer the top of the hour can get into a pair of balloons in the shape of his trousers legs the happier he becomes. Thus is the death of the fragile, slim and phantom-legged dude made doubly sure and drowned even from memory. No man is now so weak and puerile as to admit that he was ever a dude, and the men about whom there still exists some shadow of suspicion are the ones who run to the wildest extremes in trousers. A curious thing; fashion. A year ago men could not get their trousers tight enough; now it's impossible to have them of sufficient width, and the very man who formerly sat and stared proudly at his fragile legs squeezed into skin-tight black trousers now view with entire complacency trousers that are of all colors of the rainbow, and so big that they hang in a hundred folds like a damp dish-rag hung over the crooked branch of an apple tree. In the same way does the contempt of men of fashion show itself for the coat of a year ago. Where it was then long it is now tight, and vice versa. Hats were formerly bell-crowned; now they are smaller at the crown than at the base, and grow more and more like queer little Alpine hats that every schoolboy has seen in the pictures of his geography. It is said at times that ridicule has no effect upon fashion, but the revolution in taste displayed by men this year shows in a very marked manner how keenly the shafts of derision are, for the fun that was made of the dude has made even the names distasteful, and not the faintest vestige remains of him in the habit or manners of the town. Where the wild scramble in the other direction will end it is difficult to say, but there is little doubt that trousers have reached the outside limit, unless the men take to wearing some such arrangement as the crinoline, in which case there is practically no end to the possibilities.

A NEW GARMENT.

Something That the Ladies are Sure to Adopt at Once.

The distinctive new feature in dress is a peculiar swish and sway of the skirts of dresses worn at balls in tip-top society. The movement of the draperies is in harmonic unison with the steps of the wearer, and she gains considerable in picturesqueness, because the outlines of her gown are constantly being altered, but are all the while instinct with life and individuality.

The fabric seems to be as never before, a part of her personality. It follows that a graceful belle, with a good style of carriage in walk and waltz, is increasedly charming. But how is it accomplished? I will tell you. The secret lies in what is termed a seamed underskirt. The modish girl has not exactly put on trousers, nor yet has she donned the divided skirt of the dress reformers, but she has had a seam run into her petticoat for stylish occasions.

This division of the garment into two sections is only for a short distance, at the knee level, and its effect is to make the dress conform to the gait of the girl. She has to modify, of course, the usual process of dropping the skirt over her head, but no matter for that so long as her loveliness of contour is heightened.

This is said to have been borrowed from Rosina Vokes, the actress. She was here last winter with her mild but polite company of British amateurs, and they captivated the fancy of swelldom. It was noticed that in her dancing she managed her long train with wondrous grace. The feat was at that time ascribed to skill alone. But now she is emulated.

She went to a Fifth avenue factory to get some new clothes made at the beginning of the present season. There she had to give away the secret. Thence it went out to favored customers; and now the belles are waltzing in seamed skirts.

How to Live a Full Century.

Prof. Humphrey, of Cambridge, England, has prepared a series of tables which contain some interesting information about centenarians. Of 52 persons whom he mentions, at least 11—2 males and 9 females,—actually attained the age of 100. Others attained very nearly to that number of years. Only one of the persons reached 108 years, while one died at the allegedage of 106 years. Of the 52 persons, 36 were women and 16 men. Prof. Humphrey tell us that the comparative immunity of women from the exposures and risks to which men are subject, and the greater temperance in eating and drinking exhibited by women are the chief points in determining their higher chances of longevity. Out of the 36 women 26 had been married, and 11 had borne large families. Of the 26 who had been wives 8 had married before they were 20, one at 16 and two at 17.

Twelve of of the fifty-two centenarians were discovered to have been the oldest children of their parents. This fact, adds Dr. Humphrey, does not agree with popular notions that first children inherit a feebleness of constitution, nor with the opinion of racing stables, which is decidedly against the idea that "firstlings" are to be depended on for good performances on the course. The centenarians generally regarded were of spare build. Gout and rheumatism were, as a rule, absent. "It seems," says Prof. Humphry, "that the frame which is destined to great age needs no such prophylactics, and engenders none of the peccant humors for which the finger points (as in gout) may find a vent." Of the 52 aged people, 23 only had no teeth, the average number of teeth remaining being four or five. Long hours of sleep were notable among these old people, the period of repose averaging nine hours; while out-of-door exercise in plenty and early rising are to be noted among the factors of a prolonged life. One of the centenarians "drank to excess on festive occasions;" another was a "free beer drinker," and "drank like a fish during his whole life." Twelve had been total abstainers for life or nearly so, and mostly all were "small meat-eaters."

The First Keen Twinge.

As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

The President Won.

There is a story about a conductor on a street car and the president of that line which is picturesque. The conductor, the story runs, had finished a trip and was leaning up against a bale of hay in the car barn counting his money and comparing it with the record of his bell punch. He found that he had collected just a quarter of a dollar more than the register called for. He took the quarter out of his hand-ful of money and began to apostrophize it. "See here," said he, "shall I give you to old——Jones, let us say, naming the railroad president) or keep you myself? I'm entitled to you and I know it, but I'll give Jones a chance. I'll toss you up, and if you come down heads you're Jones's; if you come down tails you're mine." He tossed up the coin and it fell head upwards. The conductor looked at it a moment dubiously. "I'll toss it again," said he. Once more he threw it up and again it came down heads. "Well, now, I'll be *durned* if I give it to Jones," said the conductor slapping his hand to his pocket. Just at this juncture the president himself who happened to have been on the premises and who stepped behind the bale of hay as soon as he heard the beginning of the colloquy, appeared and exclaimed: "Yes, you will give it to me! I've won it twice running and I'll have it!" He got the quarter.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

AN ODD MAN OF GOTHAM.

He Ventures Out Only After Dark and Lives on Good Whisky.

An old cab driver whose face is familiar to frequenters of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, leaned against an electric light pole one night this week, and meditatively pulled at a 25 cent cigar. He blew the smoke through his nose, tasted it, and went through all the maneuvers of a connoisseur.

"I've been around this neighborhood for fifteen years," said he, "and every night at exactly 11:30, if I am at my stand, along comes an old thoroughbred and presents me with a quarter cigar. He's a gent, he is, not one of your six for a quarter with a bundle of cigarettes thrown in."

The wind played peculiar tunes through the leafless branches in Madison square, and the reporter shivered in his seal-skin ulster, and cabby sort of turned up his already turned-up nasal appendage at such a display of susceptibility to the weather.

"Sonny," he remarked, "you newspaper men think you know it all, but we see more in a week than you do in a year. We go in for behind the boards, you know. It's our calling. Now take my friend, the thoroughbred, for instance. His is a case I don't believe you ever heard the like of. It was in '71 that I first met him. He was about fifty years old, but he looked much older on account of being a rounder of the first water. Coming into Thirty-fourth street one night, I came upon a man and woman talking loud, and when the woman saw me she motioned for me to get down from the box. She was an old lady, and she was got up fine, too. I saw that the man had snakes in his overshoes, and I asked the lady where he lived. The house was on the next block, and I coaxed him home. The lady was his mother. The next night at 11:30 I was waiting for a party on Broadway, near Twenty-fifth street, when my friend came along. He recognized me in an instant, and stepping into a cigar store he asked for four for a dollar. Then he handed me one. He has repeated that circuss every night since, rain or shine, week days or holidays, it don't make a bit of difference. He was in through a fortune before he was 30, and then he had a liberal allowance from his mother. A rounder in those days did more than suck the head of a cane and stand in front of hotels. He was a hard drinker and a starver every time. So you see my thoroughbred broke down. His father's still is paid by his relatives, and he gets a certain amount of money to spend every day. But he never comes out until after dark, and then he does nothing worse than walk around the streets until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, when he gets tired and goes home to bed. He always carries a flask of whisky with him, stuff costing 40 cents a drink over any first-class bar. He is just as sane a man as there is, but he does peculiar things. He never goes to the theater, and wouldn't carry an umbrella, no matter how hard it rained.

"Quite often he gets me to drive him up to the boulevard at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, and he never gives me less than double rates. The queerest part of the business is that he never spoke ten words to me any one night, and he always pays for everything with new money. If you saw him pass by, you would swear he was 60, but he can walk longer than any man I ever came across. The policemen all say that he has a screw loose, but before she died, his mother told me that the best doctors in the city pronounced him sane. From early youth he got in the habit of staying out at night, and now in old age he can't sleep until daylight, and then only after tramping around town. The strangest thing about his drinking is that, while he is a hard drinker, he never goes into a saloon, although he was a rounder years ago he never enters a bar now. I often meet him when the snakes are after him, but he will walk them off, and he come around the next night as usual. I guess you never heard of a case like that, did you, outside of asylum?"—*New York Mail and Express.*

THE TOAD AND THE WORM.

Thrilling Tale of a Wrestle Between the Two.

I was one day digging up a tree with Prof. Bardwell in order to transplant it, says Thomas Hill, D. D., in a paper read in an Eastern city. Two or three other professors stood looking on. I called their attention to an old pear tree, and advised them to watch him. They did so, but on my questioning them confessed that they had never seen a toad eat. I threw him some small earth worms as we threw them up with the spade. The professors were as delighted as children to see the dexterity with which he snapped them up. Presently I turned up with one spadeful of earth an enormous earth worm. I threw it to the toad and observed in him the most decided evidence of reasoning power and executive ability that I ever saw in an animal. At first he would take the toad always will in the case of a large worm, and so ends alternately, in order to see which was the head. The worm is tough one way and smooth the other, therefore his head can be put down the toad's throat easier than the tail end, and cannot be pulled out again half so easily. The toad always knew this injury he may be in, and permit the man who politely requests him for "a light" to take his cigar and use it for that purpose. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men will not only stop, but they will take two or three puffs to facilitate the lighting, and, furthermore, they will remove every speck of ashes from the fire before handing the weed over. Men meet this way, exchange courtesies, pass on and perhaps never see each other again. A common taste establishes temporary kinship between utter strangers. [illegible] in a."

A Detroit clergyman's views upon the ballet are reported as follows in a paper of that city, we forget which:

"If boys, instead of girls, were employed for the dancing, the ballet would cease in a single season. If not [if not what?] let the boys take the place of the girls, with as much grace as they, and see how long it will survive."

But, dear sir, the boys cannot take the place of the girls "with as much grace as they." The condition is an impossible one; so why discuss the matter upon an absolutely theoretical ground? Boys are not as graceful as girls, nor can they become so.

An interesting fact is related by a photographer in an Eastern magazine devoted to photography. He once made a picture of a child who was seemingly in good health and with a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. "The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the naked eye." It is said that another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of smallpox.

Somebody has taken the pains to collate the following facts, which are of interest to all who wish to use the English language correctly and gracefully:

Acoustics is always singular.
Cut bias, and not cut on the bias.
Allow should not be used for admit.
Come to see me, and not come and see me.
Bursted is not elegant and is rarely correct.
Almost, with a negative, is ridiculous. "Almost nothing" is absurd.
The burden of a song means the refrain or chorus, not its sense or meaning.
Beautiful apples to persons, not to things, and has no reference to quantity.
Affable only applies when speaking of the manners of superiors to inferiors.
Methinks is formed by the impersonal verb think, meaning seem, and the dative me; and is literally rendered, "It seems to me."
Admire should not be followed with the infinitive. Never say, as many do, "I should admire to go with you," etc. This error is singularly fashionable just now.
Allude is now frequently misused when a thing is named, spoken or described. It should only be used when anything is spoken in a passing or passing manner. "Allusion is the by-play of language."

Les Miserables.

When Victor Hugo wrote his famous book with this title it became popular all over the civilized world. There are so many human being who are in some way or other miserable, that the name at once arrested the attention of the public.

Verily, the brotherhood of misery is large. But there is a great deal of misery in the world which might readily be got rid of. Thankful reports from ex-miserables show what a large and honest demand Oxygen has had in working misery out and bringing health and comfort and joy in its place. People who have been almost ready to destroy themselves, have been brought up from the depths by means of this wonderful vitalizer. Men who have been overwhelmed with the misery of nervous prostration have been made bright and hopeful and cheery. Women almost helpless have been set on foot and made happy. One gentleman who was utterly prostrated with *nervous infirmity*, gratefully writes: "After three weeks' treatment am able to report as follows: Felt improvement from its first use. Do not have such terrible bad feelings; am more comfortable; feel more like living, and am beginning to enjoy myself. My mind is brighter; all nature seems more lovely and fresher."

For all you want to know about this method of escaping from misery, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, who will mail you, free, a treatise giving full information.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

Tobogganing still holds its own, not only in Toledo, but wherever it has became a winter amusement. There seems to be a sort of wild exhilaration in the rush down the steep declivity on the toboggan vehicle, which, after it has been once tried, is sure to be followed up again and again. Probably the enjoyment comes in with the swift motion which becomes more rapid with every second of descent until the bottom is reached, where, unless a good deal of skill is used, the tobogganers are liable to tumble into an ignominious heap. That, however, does not seem to matter so long as no bones are broken, and as serious accidents are rare, the amusement will be likely to retain its popularity.

"How do you feel when riding at that breakneck pace?" the salad-server asked of an enthusiastic tobogganer the other day. "Feel!" was the quick reply, "why, just as if I was going to heaven on the lightning express!" If that is the sensation, wonder ceases at the fascination which draws drowds of men, women and children day and night for weeks to do the same thing over and over again. It does occur to the lookers-on that a different kind of a vehicle would be more agreeable to make such a voyage in, or on rather. *Chacun a son gout.*

The vagaries of Fashion have always been satirized, especially those which altered the dress of women. They are declared to be without rhyme or reason, and the writer in 1780 who said

Now dress in a cap, now naked in none,
Now loose in a mob, now close in a Joan;
Like the clock in the tower that shows you the weather,
You are hardly the same for two days together,

probably had reference to these seemingly meaningless changes. But the question does sometimes occur to the thoughtful observer whether, after all, there is not a meaning in the varieties of dress which may be read. Certainly the famous historian Martin must have thought so for he said: "He who knows the costume of a period understands it." It is such apparent trifles as those, which, followed through a lapse of time, tell the story of the progress of a nation, or the lack of it, in much plainer characters than the battles fought or won.

A writer in London *Life* upon the new craze of palmistry, gives a good many incidents of the experiences of the great French professor of the art, Desbarrolles. A very interesting one was concerning the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie. Desbarrolles read the Emperor's hand, and was staggered to find that it did not indicate a brilliant future, but before he had time to gain his mind how to release himself from his embarrassment, Louis was called away.

After the Emperor had gone, the Empress gave her hand to be read, but only with a view to the verification of a prediction which had been made to her in her youth by a Spanish gipsy. This Bohemian had told Her Majesty not only that she would become an Empress, but that at a certain age she should die upon the scaffold. Her Majesty, however, withheld this information from Desbarrolles for the moment. The famous chromancist discovered in her hand what he called *une grande fatalite* at about the age of forty-six or forty-seven.

"What is this fatality?" asked the Empress, with a smile.

Desbarrolles and his assistant were unable to say. They could only warn Her Majesty of a terrible catastrope. "Not the scaffold?" said the Empress, visibly relieved. "No," was the reply, "a catastrophe only." Whereupon the Empress remarked that this was the only fact which she wished to ascertain by means of the consultation.

Another abominable English "fad" is said to be taking root in New York among the Anglomaniac idiots in "sassiety" circles. This is what is termed "Platonic friendship," and is indulged in without reference to domestic ties. "Society women who are married," writes a New Yorker, "are now disposed to regard their lives as incomplete unless they have secured the undivided admiration of some one of their male friends. If he is a man of ability, with some reputation as a speaker, a writer, or a statesman, the situation is all the more interesting. Then if dinner-givers want to secure the presence of this fad, it is engineered by inviting the lady to whom he is devoted. And it is seldom that the device fails of its object. An English woman who is now visiting here said recently that if she wanted a prominent member of Parliament present at one of her dinners she never failed to invite the married lady to whom he was paying faithful platonic attentions at the time. And the same rule seems to be now imperative here."

There is more courtesy among smokers than anywhere else in masculine humanity. It is the rarest thing in the world for a man who is smoking a cigar on the street to refuse to stop when asked, no matter how much annoyance he may be in, and permit the man who politely requests him for "a light" to take his cigar and use it for that purpose. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men will not only stop, but they will take two or three puffs to facilitate the lighting, and, furthermore, they will remove every speck of ashes from the fire before handing the weed over. Men meet this way, exchange courtesies, pass on and perhaps never see each other again. A common taste establishes temporary kinship between utter strangers, as exemplified in a."

A Ghost

is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning, free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever they reside, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid.

"And now, my dear General, come and sit by me and tell me all the scandal that's happened while I've been away."

"Well, really, Mrs. Mallecho, er-you see—er—the fact is that while you've been away there has been no scandal!"—*Punch.*

You can't afford to laugh, dear girls,
Unless your teeth are white as pearls—
Unless your mouth is pink and sweet,
And your two lips in rosebuds meet;
And you cannot supply this want,
But through the use of SOZODONT!

INJUSTICE CORRECTED.

Convincing Verification of Widecast Public Statements.

To the readers of the BLADE.

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our largest patrons, as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a *permanent conviction* in the public mind. Seven years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly *increasing*. Three years ago we stated that a *marked check* had been given it.

"The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country shows that in 1880 and 1884, the mortality from kidney disorders *did not increase* over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim *credit for checking* these ravages.

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health; within the past five years *all careful life insurance companies* have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determin the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day *millions of dollars in risks are refused*, because chemical examination discovers *unsuspected* diseases of the kidneys.

"Seven years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety-three per cent. of human ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

"The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption and insanity; over *half* the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys.

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he suffering from Bright's Disease, that was *not the cause* of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed was the effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood.

"If the doctors would state in official reports the *original* cause of death, the people of this country would be alarmed, yea, nearly *panic stricken*, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to *justify the claims that they have made*, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all other remedies failed, and has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australasia and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many *different* diseases because it and it *alone*, can remove the uric acid from the blood through the kidneys."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Counterfeits thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a wide-spread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having been led to it for the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world, because it *cured our senior proprietor, who was given up by doctors as incurable*, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our *claims*, and to their *public and universal verification* with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, feeling that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

OLLA PODRIDA.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris will soon spend some time with her mother.

St. Augustine, Florida, will celebrate the 323d anniversary of Ponce de Leon's visit.

Mahogany is being rapidly introduced into every part of India, where it promises to thrive.

Cyrus Field says he has been offered $350,000 cash for the New York *Mail and Express*.

The father of Robert Wilcox, who married Ella Wheeler, is soon to become a grandfather.

The Suez canal is to be made ready this month for night traffic through its entire length by steamers provided with electric lights.

A well 740 feet deep at Carp Lake, Mich., throws a 6-inch column of water to a height of twenty feet above the surface of the ground.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender who keeps up a miniature court at Venice, is very tall, broad-shouldered and strikingly handsome.

Mayor Hodges, of Baltimore, says that the true Marylander would halt outside the gates of Paradise to eat a dozen raw Chesapeake oysters.

"—— and bride" was the unique signature upon a Buffalo hotel register the other day. They are said to be a newly married couple.

Having already introduced European fashions in dress, the Empress of Japan will now cause European manners and etiquette to prevail at her court.

Ex-Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, recently had an operation performed on his right eye, sightless for twenty years, by which sight has been completely restored.

At Richmond, Va., recently W. L. Royals, a lineal descendant of Chief Justice Marshall, and Miss Judith Page Aylett, a descendant of Patrick Henry, married.

Andrew G. Curtin, Pennsylvania's war governor, says he pardoned 125 men out of jail in his term, all of whom enlisted under Farragut and none of whom survived the war.

The Troy *Telegram* announces that the physicians in that section have a large number of cases of mumps on their hands. Is that an odd place to have the mumps?—*New York Herald.*

Sen. Evarts last week stood watching the President as he received *tout le monde* in the East Room at the New Year's Reception. Turning to a friend, after awhile, the New York Senator said: "This is a thing I invented; what punishment do I deserve?" His friend, it is said, rather favors boiling oil or molten lead.

Herr Windthorst, who has just beaten Prince Bismarck, has been the leader of the German Centre for many years. Prince Bismarck and Herr Windthorst are the best of good friends socially. On the occasion of the prince's reception Herr Windthorst is usually placed at his right hand.

At the White House reception Thursday night there was a great display of elegant diamonds. Mrs. Sanford, wife of the Senator, fairly shone with precious stones, and it is said that she wore diamonds worth $500,000. Mrs. Frank Leslie's jewels also attracted attention. She wore her celebrated diamonds, the size of hazel nuts, in her ears, and her corsage was one great litter of gems.

An investigation recently made at Fort Jackson, near the mouth of the Mississippi river, and the only defense of New Orleans and the Mississippi valley, shows that this fortification is in danger of destruction from the river, which is rapidly undermining its foundations. The fort has cost the government over $1,000,000.

The time required for a telegraphic signal to pass around the earth is the subject of an inquiry to the *Scientific American*. It states that on a good land telegraph line of the length equal to the circumference of the earth, about one second would be needed. Ocean cables would considerably increase this, even to several seconds.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE SOLDIER'S REWARD.

BY ASHLEY O. SPALDING.

The young man referred to in the following stanzas, was killed at Cypress Bend, on the Mississippi river, during the war, by Gen. Marmaduke's men, and was buried a short distance above there, in the levee. When I visited the dilapidated spot a few years ago, the poor fellow had at last succeeded in "making his mark in the world" —that indentation was about a foot deep:

O the hero's deeds were graven in stone,
And blazoned in brass of old,
And yet their valorous fame alone
Deserved to be fashioned in gold.
Gone—gone are those days
Of the hero's praise,
For, long ere his body is rotten,
We say, Let his cause,
And his due applause
Be laid in his grave, and forgotten.

A youth went to war at his country's call,
He was nineteen years of age,
And if not "one among the first to fall,"
He fell, at a later stage.
And he was better, oh,
For the boy to go.
Since the years were many before him,
And had he survived
What a change of soul had come o'er him!

As it was, he died where many a one
Stood envying him his doom—
Envying him the "glory" he'd won
By the yielding of his breath;
For, no one knew then
That his Country's men
Would deny to their martyrs the laurel—
That illustrious braves
Would lie in their graves
The victims of "family quarrels!"

Oh, freely his life sank into the dust—
Ah, freely that red rent ran!—
From that pure, white breast that placed its trust
In changeful, forgetful man.
Gone—gone are those days
Of the hero's praise,
For, long ere his body is rotten,
We say, Let his cause,
And his due applause
Be said in his grave, and forgotten!

Reports From the Picket Line.

H. E. Johnson, Brookfield, Mo., wants to hear from some one living in Northern Alabama or Georgia, regarding the climate and country.

J. D. Moore, Co. E, 107th Ill., Moran, Kan., suggests to the boys that they watch and pray in hopes that some more Andersonville guards may find a warm place.

H. A. Carpenter, 9th O. V. I. and 24th V. C., Fort Meade, wants to hear from some of his old comrades. His regiments were engaged in Romney, Fort Republic, Winchester, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, the Second Bull Run and Antietam.

W. C. Warner, Wellington, Kan., Co. B, 9th Cav., 121st Ind. Vols., writes: "Please accept my thanks for the CAMP FIRE column. I have not seen anything from the Co. I belonged to for years, and take this opportunity to let them know my address. I was one of the Cahaba prisoners and also one of the Sultana survivors. A merry Christmas to all.

A. F. Dalton, North Bloomfield, Col., wants some of the prisoners at Belle Island from February to March, 1864, to tell about the fare and the horrors that prison and of the fat bull pup eaten at the time that the prisoners were started for Andersonville.

Byron Orin, of Co. H., 33d O. V. I., of Logan, Kan., says: "I was a prisoner fourteen months and 20 days, part of the time in Andersonville, and oh, how it made my mouth water to read Dabney's appointment. I want to say to comrade Thompson that I was in the Pemberton building on the third floor, when the dog was killed."

The Provost Marshals.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Mention of the "stay at home" patriots, by correspondents in a late CAMP FIRE, reminded me of another class, some members of which deserved the severest condemnation. I mean the provost marshals, who usually managed military matters at a safe distance in the rear of our army. One notable case I will mention. About the close of the war a number of us were taken from the York, Pa., hospital and sent to the front, arriving at City Point just as the artillery was sounding the death knell of the rebellion, and too late to join our regiments at the front. So 3,000 or 4,000 of us were put into a high enclosure in charge of Provost Marshal General Patrick, of New York. It was cool weather in the spring of 1865, and only part of us found shelter in the barracks which formed part of the pen. The rebel prisoners were all in the buildings, but a large part of our own men were exposed to the weather in the open yard, which was crowded with men, many just out of the hospitals, and not a few who had just recovered from the effects of Southern imprisonment. A cold, drizzling rain storm came on, and hundreds of our poor fellows with insufficient clothing, had to stand in the rain all day and sleep in the mud at night, for there was not a foot of ground in the yard but had been trod into slush during the rain, and I have seen men scraping the mud off from a space large enough to lie down on for a night's rest in the rain.

The Christian commission had established a booth to enable them to write to their friends, but because complaining letters were written her drove them out, so we had no chance of writing for nearly two weeks. It was a minature Andersonville with modifications.—E. CROCKETT, Co. F, N. Y. V. I., 6th Corps.

That Rat Terrier.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Comrade O. A. Thompson, in his contribution of December 2, calls upon some comrade who was a prisoner of war confined in the Pemberton building at Richmond, to lay another pine knot on the fire. I will say to comrade Thompson that I was a private soldier in company J, of the 1st Kentucky cavalry, commanded by Col. Wolford; that I was a prisoner of war confined in Pemberton's building at the time he mentions (the killing and eating of the dog). I could further state that I offered one dollar for one pound of the flesh of the rat terrier. I desired to purchase the dog flesh for the benefit of a sick relative, who could not eat the corn bread that we were being fed and especially after the wharf rats had stolen out all the soft part of the bread. I was a prisoner for over seven months, and, strange to say, I lived to get back to my old command, and to God's country, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." I desire to say that this old county of Cumberland furnished our 300 soldiers to the Federal army and quite a squad to the Conf

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

The Hunters of Kentucky.

W. A., of Richmond, Ind., having requested the publication of a song, "Jackson's Victory at New Orleans," B. F. C., of Farmington, Ill., sends the following, written from memory, having learned it 50 years ago:

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair
Who grace this fashions city,
Just listen if you've time to spare
While I rehearse a ditty.

And for an opportunity
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For 'tis not often here you see
A hunter from Kentucky.

I 'spose you've read it in the prints
How Packenham attempted
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his schemes repented;

For Jackson he was wide awake,
And was not scared at trifles;
For well he knew what aim to take
With our Kentucky rifles.

So we with rifles ready cocked
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flocked,
The hunters from Kentucky;

He led us down to Cypress swamp—
The ground was low and mucky—
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here was Old Kentucky.

Old Packenham he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have the girls and cotton bags
In spite of Old Kentucky.

A bank was raised to hide our breasts—
Not that we thought of dying,
But that we always liked to rest,
Unless the game is flying.

Behind it stood our little force—
None wished it to be greater—
For every man was half a hoss,
And half an alligator.

They did not let our patience tire
Before they showed their faces;
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places.

But when so near to see them wink,
We thought it time to stop 'em;
And 'twould have done you good, I think,
To see Kentuckians drop 'em.

They found at last 'twas vain to fight
Where death was all their booty;
And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all our beauty.

And now if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is—
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect your ladies.

Cheese.

W. R. J., Fairmount, Ills.:

You have given all the information you can about making cheese.

In cheese making, the coagulation of the milk may be effected in either of two ways—by adding an acid, or by adding rennet. Rennet is obtained by subjecting the cassine to a peculiar fermentation induced by the action of rennet, which is the usual mode. Rennet is usually prepared from the fourth stomach of the calf, by salting and drying. The stomach should not be washed, but turned and carefully wiped with a cloth, sprinkled with salt, and dried at a moderate temperature in the open air, stretched upon a small hoop or frame. Rennet is also prepared for use by steeping it either in whey or brine. Whey is preferred for the reason that it more readily assists in inducing lactic acid fermentation; but the whey should be free from all albuminous matter which it contains, by boiling and straining. The steeping occupies about a week, during which time the rennets should be occasionally rubbed to extract the active principle. A wooden vessel should never be used, but the steeping should be done in earthern jars. The English method is to steep the rennets in a brine strong enough to float an egg, using six rennets, one sliced lemon, and an ounce of saltpetre to two gallons of brine.

The process of making cheese with the use of rennet, as followed by the best cheese factories in this country, is as follows: The evening's milk is placed in cooling vats so that it will be brought to a temperature of about 60 degrees by the next morning. The morning's milk is added and the temperature raised to 80 degrees. This is effected in a manner the most efficient. A large vat contains the milk, which is gently and equally heated by a water bath, which also serves to maintain the circulation of warm water furnished from a cylindrical reservoir heated by a concentric flue placed beneath the vat, or by water contained in a coil of pipe, and heated in a like manner. When the milk has reached 80 degrees a sufficient quantity of rennet is stirred into it to produce coagulation in about 40 minutes. Some cheese makers add sour whey in quantity according to the condition of the milk. When the curd has become sufficiently firm, which may be known by its dividing with a smooth fracture when the finger is drawn through it, it is cut with curd knives. The contraction of the curd then takes place more rapidly, expressing the whey; and in about 20 minutes the curd becomes tough enough to work up by means of an instrument called a wire shovel breaker into smaller pieces, and the temperature is raised to 98 deg., the contents of the vat being gently stirred, as though it were the curds upon the bottom. When the curd has become sufficiently firm for the operation, and the whey has attained a certain degree of acidity (which can only be known by experience), it is drawn off by a large spout as rapidly as possible, and the curd is heaped in one end of the vat, which is elevated to facilitate the draining. The finer particles of curd form a partially solid mass, which is then cut into pieces and turned over and left until firm enough to break into pieces. It is then taken out, placed in a cooler, broken into small pieces, and spread out to cool still further. In about 20 minutes it is turned over and left until it obtains a peculiar mellow condition. By this time its temperature has been reduced to about 70 degrees, at which it is put into a hoop and pressed gently for 10 or 15 minutes. It is then taken out and cut and broken into pieces about the size of peas by means of a curd mill, after which it is salted with about half a pound to three pounds of salt to 100 pounds of curd. After the salt has been well incorporated, the curd is again put into the hoop, a cloth being placed upon the curd and bottom, and sometimes around it. It is kept under pressure for 20 or 24 hours, and it is then taken out and all sharp edges pared off. It is then turned and placed in the hoop again, generally bandaged, and kept there one or two days longer. Like any other trade or profession, cheese making must be learned by practical work, and no set of printed instructions will serve in the absence of practical experience.

Vulcanised India Rubber.

J. W., Benton, Mo.:

A good while ago you published directions for mending India rubber shoes with India rubber, stating that it required such India rubber as had not been vulcanised to make the cement with. Will you please inform us what kind of an operation vulcanising is, and how we can know the two kinds of rubber apart? Perhaps it would be well to republish the recipe.

The usual vulcanising is to mix the caoutchouc, previously reduced to a state of fine division by grinding, with sublimed sulphur, and submit the mixture to a heat of 800 deg., when sulphuret and subchloride will be prepared for use by steeping it either in whey or brine. Whey is preferred for the reason that it more readily assists in inducing lactic acid fermentation; but the whey should be free from all albuminous matter which it contains, by boiling and straining. The steeping occupies about a week, during which time the rennets should be occasionally rubbed to extract the active principle. A wooden vessel should never be used, but the steeping should be done in earthern jars. The English method is to steep the rennets in a brine strong enough to float an egg, using six rennets, one sliced lemon, and an ounce of saltpetre to two gallons of brine.

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Civil Service Reform.

Reader, Bluff Point, Ind.:

1. Explain civil service reform. 2. In what branches does a person have to be examined to obtain a clerkship? 3. Is it possible for a Republican to obtain an appointment?

1. The purpose of the civil service law is stated by the act to be "for the open, competitive examinations for testing the fitness of applicants for the public service now classified, or to be classified hereafter." The civil service commission appoints a chief examiner, and it also appoints examining boards for Washington and for each state and territory where examinations are to take place. The address of the commission is Washington, D. C. There are three branches of the public service classified. The departmental service embraces the clerkships (except those excepted from examination) in all the departments at Washington, except the state department. The customs service embraces the customs districts where the officials are as many as 50. The postal service embraces the postoffices where the officials are as many as 50. For places in the departmental service, where technical additional qualifications are needed, special examinations are held. These are held for the state department, the pension, patent and signal offices and the geological survey.

Applicants for examination must be citizens of the United States of the proper age. No person habitually using intoxicating liquors can be appointed. No discrimination is made on account of sex, color, or political or religious opinions. The qualified age for examinations for the departmental and customs service is 18 to 45, and for the postal service 16 to 35. But the limitation of age does not apply to applicants honorably discharged from the military or naval service; and in making appointments, such applicants, other things being equal, must have the preference. Applicants must furnish proof of mental and physical fitness. Every one seeking to be examined must file an application blank. The blank for the departmental service should be requested directly of the civil service commission, at Washington; for the customs service, of the head of the customs office which the applicant seeks to enter; for the postal service, of the head of the postoffice which the applicant seeks to enter. These papers should be returned to the officers from whom they emanated.

2. The applicants to enter the service designated are examined as to their relative capacity and fitness on the following subjects: First, orthography, penmanship and copying; second, arithmetic, fundamental rules, fractions and percentages; third, interest, discount, and elements of book-keeping and of accounts; fourth, elements of the English language, letter-writing and the proper construction of sentences; fifth, elements of geography, history, and the government of the United States. The standing must not be less than 65 per centum of complete proficiency. Persons passing an examination are graded and registered, and given a certificate. Officers requiring to be confirmed by the Senate, laborers, confidential clerks of heads of departments or offices, cashiers of collectors and postmasters, superintendents of money order divisions in postoffices, custodians of money for whose fidelity another office is under bond, disbursing officers who give bonds, persons in the secret service, translators, interpreters, stenographers, chief clerks, deputy collectors and superintendents and chiefs of divisions or departments are excepted from examination. 3. When there is a vacancy to be filled, the appointing officer applies to the commission or proper examining board, and it reports to him the names of four persons graded highest on the proper register of those in his branch of the service and remaining eligible, and from the said four a selection must be made, without regard to politics. Every appointment is made for a probationary period of six months, at the end of which time, if the conduct and capacity of the person appointed have been found satisfactory, the appointment is made absolute.

Baron Von Humboldt.

W. G. L., Lloydville, W. Va.:

Please give a short biographical sketch of the life of Alexander Von Humboldt.

He was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769. He studied in the universities of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, Berlin, and Gottingen. His love of natural history was very strongly developed at this period; and during his residence at Gottingen (1789-90) he made visits of scientific exploration to the Harz and the banks of the Rhine. The fruit of this was his first publication, "On the Basalts of the Rhine," etc. In 1791 he entered the mining academy at Freiberg, where he enjoyed the private instructions of Werner. He was afterwards appointed to an office in the mining department, and spent some years in this capacity, writing several valuable works meanwhile.

The desire of visiting tropical countries, however, led him to resign his office and devote himself entirely to the study of nature. After spending three months at Jena, he went to Paris, where he contracted a friendship with a distinguished botanist (Aime Bonpland), afterwards his companion in many and various scenes. Some time after he obtained permission from the Spanish government to visit all the Spanish colonies in America and from the Indian ocean, with every additional favor which could promote his researches in the various departments of natural science. He sailed from Corunna, along with Bonpland, June 5, 1799, and in the course of five years they explored a vast extent of territory, returning to Paris after a course of travels unparalleled for variety and importance of scientific results, not only in the physical departments of natural history, but also in geography, statistics, and ethnography.

Humboldt resided in Paris till March, 1805, occupied in the arrangements of his collections and manuscripts. He thg visited Italy and returned to Berlin, he accompanied Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, in 1807, on a political mission to France, and afterwards in the same government over country to remain there, for the publication of his travels, for which the disturbed state of Germany at that time did not allow proper opportunity. He continued to reside in Paris till 1827. In 1807-17 his great work, embodying the chief results of his travels, appeared in two forms, folio and quarto, in each consisting of 29 volumes, and containing 1,425 copper-plates. He returned to Berlin in 1827.

In 1829 he again became a traveler, the Emperor Nicholas then sending out a well-appointed expedition to the north of Asia. Its principal object was the scientific examination of the beds which produce gold and platina, the discovery of diamonds in an extra-tropical region, the astronomical determination of positions, magnetic observations, and geological and botanical collections. The whole journey occupied nine months, and extended to 2,320 miles. This expedition must be regarded as having also had to do with increase of knowledge in connection with magnetism, through the adoption by the Emperor of Russia of Humboldt's proposal for the establishment of magnetic and meteorological observatories from Petersburg to Pekin, which was followed by similar stations in the southern hemisphere.

Humboldt was a member of the year 1830 led to the publication of his Central Asia, a political services. He spent the latter years of his long life at Berlin, where he occupied a high position at the Prussian court. He died May 6, 1859. It is not easy to estimate the amount of his contributions to science. The world has produced no man of more rich and varied attainments, or more versatile in genious, or more indefatigable in application to all kinds of learning.

Manganese.

Sub., Gales Creek, Oregn.:

1. Please give a description of manganese mineral. 2. Is a manganese mine valuable? 3. In what countries are the principal mines?

1-2. Manganese does not occur native, but is found in the form of oxide in association with other elements. The following are the principal manganese minerals, the first being the chief ore of commerce: Pyrolusite, braunite, manganite, hausmannite, manganblende, alabandine, dialogite, wad, psilomelane, franklinite, oredonerite, columbite, wolfram, triphiline, and manganese alum. As high as 85 per ton has been paid in New York for 70 per cent. Virginia ore.

Nearly nine-tenths of the manganese of commerce is consumed in the manufacture of chlorine and bleaching powders; the other tenth is employed in the following industries: to color and decolorize glass; in the manufacture of iron and steel; in the painting and glazing of porcelain and pottery; in the production of oxygen; in the preparation of the various salts required in medicine and the arts. Some of the alloys of manganese are of great value. With copper it yields a product which possesses the color and properties of German silver, while with tin it yields bells. A process has been invented in Connecticut for preparing this alloy by reducing pyrolusite and copper ore directly in a gas furnace.

In England there are 36 patents involving the use of manganese in iron and steel, the earliest of which was taken out in 1799. Much use is now made of manganese in the manufacture of iron and steel employed in the United States in the manufacture of crystalline burglar-proof iron and spiegel iron. 3. Huelva, Spain, produces the largest quantity. There are mines of manganese in Vermont, Massachusetts, North Carolina and Virginia.

Miscellaneous.

G. B. G., Edenville, Mich.: Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O., for books.

B. F. C., Calais, O.: You can join the United States army by going to Columbus, O., or St. Louis, Mo.

Reader, Delta, O.: The sentence of Forker's message referred to should read, "the law has been construed," etc.

C. H., Cameron, O.: The Bureau is unable to give the cost of the finest coach and locomotive in the United States.

J. W. M., Mason, Wis.:

Is there any tariff on coffee and tea?

Coffee and tea are on the free list.

J. W. P., Paris, Ill.: Try Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O. Same answer to hundreds of others inquiring about books, songs, etc.

S. P., Portland, Mich.: The Bureau will be glad to receive and publish the facts you speak of in connection with the "salary grab."

M. H., Neosho Falls, Kan.: requests some Bureau reader to send to the BLADE for publication the war poem entitled "The Fall of Fort Sumter."

Sub., Toledo, O.: The value of inventions such as you mention would be considerable—certainly sufficient to warrant application for patents.

R. S. G., Ottawa, Minn.:

Will you please publish the poem entitled "The Teacher's Dream?"

Cannot find it.

Sub., Gaines, Mich.:

If a pensioner is sentenced for a term of years, or for life, does his pension stop?

Cannot find anything about it.

Reader, Tecumseh, Mich.: Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O., can furnish you books on shorthand. Some can learn to write short-hand without a teacher, but it is a slow process.

J. W. S., Graves, Kan.:

Does Manitoba belong to the United States?

Manitoba is one of the British North American provinces embraced in the Dominion of Canada.

Sub., Walworth, Neb.:

Please give the rules for playing the game of backgammon.

Given a few months ago, at considerable length.

W. R. D., Appleton, Mo.:

1. What was the population of Missouri in 1880? 2. How many soldiers were mustered out of the United States army at the close of the civil war? 3. What is the size of the largest ocean steamer in the world?

1. White, 2,022,826; colored, 145,554. 2. 785,208. 3. The Great Eastern, with a dock of 692 feet in length.

J. W. G., Gendy, Kan.:

What is the Agricultural department at Washington for?

To gather and publish statistics of interest to farmers.

Sub., Granbery, Va.: Please inform me where I can buy the fixtures for a creamery on a small scale, say for 50 to 75 cows.

Do not know of any for sale. Better advertise in the BLADE.

W. E. N., Spartansburg, Pa.:

Will you publish the poem, "The stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss?" I have tried to obtain it, but can not.

Can not find it.

P. J. C., Phillipsburg, Kan., writes: "Tell C. M. W., of Gallipolis, O., that nitric or muriatic acid, or a mixture of the two, or nitric acid with a small amount of water, will etch steel, but will leave the letters black."

Sub., Hansen, Neb.:

If a man has served his full term of sentence in the penitentiary, can he vote?

In some of the states he cannot. Do not know what the law is in Nebraska.

E. J., Malcom, Iowa:

1. What is the rank of Gen. Sheridan? 2. Will the rank cease with his death?

1. Lieutenant General. 2. That is for Congress to say. It is not likely that it will

J. P., Hemryville, Tenn.:

Why is it such a hard task to eat 30 quail in 30 days?

The meat is dry and indigestible, and a few meals are usually sufficient to satisfy any one.

S. A. D., Colby, Washington Ter.:

Is there a law in any state or territory to the effect that a homesteader shall pay taxes on his improvements?

Do not think there is any law to collect taxes until the patent for the land has been issued.

T. F. C., Broughton, Ills.:

1. Give a biographical sketch of Tom Thumb and his family. 2. Was John A. Logan ever in Europe? 3. What is the age of John A. Logan, jr.?

1. Has been given. 2. Think not. 3. Between 25 and 30.

J. R. A., Steubenville, O.:

Please tell me what state in the Union has the greatest number of sheep, and how many, what one second and third?

By the census of 1880 Ohio leads, with 4,-999,896; followed by California, with 4,152,-349; Texas third, with 2,411,633.

J. W. F., Altoona, Kas.:

1. Where is Danger Island? 2. What is the circulation per capita in the United States, money actually in circulation? 3. Is there a United States law taxing incomes?

1. On the Chagos Archipelago, on the west edge of the Great Chagos Bank. 2. About $14.50. 3. No.

W. G. W., East Toledo, O.:

1. Would it be infringing on a patent if a person should make an article for his own use, that had been patented? 2. Would a note be discounted at a bank if signed with a lead pencil by a responsible person?

1. Yes. 2. Think not.

Sub., Hillsdale, Mich.:

Why was Gen. John A. Logan called the "Black Eagle?"

He was called "Black Jack" and "Black Eagle" by the soldiers, because they always have some nickname for a favorite commander. He was dark-skinned, with an eagle eye, and always ready to fight.

W. C., Stockton, Kan.:

1. Does a railroad company pay any tax in the state of Pennsylvania? 2. If so, is it on road-bed, rolling stock, or both?

1. Yes. 2. Both. In Pennsylvania there is no state tax upon real estate, and but a very light one on personal property, the revenues being derived principally from the taxation of corporations.

W. E. T., Richview, Ill.

1. What has become of Maria Halpin and her son? 2. Swelled the reputed father of her child? made any provision for the mother's maintainance and education of his child? 3. Were the publications made regarding the parties in question during the late Presidential canvass, true?

1. Don't know. 2. Don't know. 3. Yes.

W. B., Joplin, Mo.:

Please give directions for mending a gum belt used in threshing. It came loose at the center or at the lap. It is a good belt, except the one ply is loose.

Try this: Take sixteen parts gutta-percha, four parts India rubber, two parts common asphalte pitch, one part linseed oil. The ingredients are melted together and used hot.

P. E. C., Windsor, Wis.:

On what do wood pigeons feed their young the first ten days after they are hatched?

The old folks speak of "pigeon's milk" is not without foundation, as the parent birds nourish the young ones with the curd-like contents of the crop, secreted by special glands like the milk in mammalia, with the remarkable difference that it is secreted by both sexes, and even most abundantly by the male.

E. B. F., Unadilla, N. Y.:

1. Who were the Hessians of the Revolutionary war? 2. Were they volunteers, or were they conscripts forced into that service?

1. Citizens of Hesse-Cassel, a former German electorate, incorporated with Prussia in 1866. 2. Frederick II. hired his soldiers to the British government, and sold the American, 30,000, receiving over £3,000,000 between 1776 and 1784.

G. H. R., Sand Hollow, O.:

Why was the "Star Mail Route" so called? 2. Give total length of Pacific railroads?

1. They were certain mail routes on which extra service was required, and were designated by the use of the sign of a star (*). 2. Central Pacific, $187,207,683; Union Pacific, $158,-548,841; Northern Pacific (at time of foreclosure), $21,353,416. These were the figures given some years ago, and do not include cost of branches, rolling stock, etc.

S. H. V., Corning, Kan.:

1. Please give the correct pronunciation of the word Arkansas. 2. What is the Bland silver bill? 3. Is the District of Columbia considered a territory, the same as Dakota, Montana or is it just considered a district?

1. In 1880 or 1881 the legislature of the state passed a resolution making the official pronunciation of the name "Ark-an-saw." 2. Providing for the coinage of a certain amount of silver every year. 3. A district, under the immediate charge of Congress.

J. G. T., Tyro, Kan.:

1. Who was Hoyle, and why is his name used in connection with playing cards? 2. When was the deck of playing cards, used at the present, invented, and by whom? 3. Translate *similia similibus curantur*, and *quo warranto*, and tell from which language each is taken.

1. Edward Hoyle, an English writer on games, born in 1672, died in 1769. So generally is his printed work accepted as authority in card playing that "according to Hoyle" has become a proverb. 2. Playing cards are supposed to be of Asiatic origin, but many changes and modifications have taken place in various periods, according to the customs and tastes of different countries. It was about the year 1600 that the modern pack was introduced into England. 3. "Like things are cured by like;" "by what authority." Latin.

W. F., Annsville, O., writes: "In giving the highest peak in each state and territory, you give Mount Pitt, 9,818 feet, as the highest in Oregon, and Mount Jefferson, 15,000 feet, in Washington territory. Now, I have lived 38 years in Oregon, and I do not now remember of ever hearing of Mount Pitt before. Mount Jefferson is in Oregon, about latitude 44 degrees. Mount Hood is higher than Jefferson, and the Three Sisters near the same height, all in Oregon. Mount Hood is nearly as high as Mount St. Elias. St. Helens, Adams, Rainer, and Olympia are all in Washington, and nearly as high as Hood. Please correct and oblige."

J. E., Rushville, Ill.:

1. What is meant by Black Friday, September 24, 1869? 2. How did the United States obtain Washington and Idaho territories, and the state of Oregon, then known as Oregon territory? 3. Explain the Cutting affair.

1. An attempt on the part of Jay Gould and James Fisk, to create a corner in the gold market. They ran the price up to 160, and several men went crazy. Word came in the midst of the fury that Sec. Boutwell, of the United States treasury, had placed $4,000,000 in gold on the market. This broke the attempt, but Gould and Fisk succeeded in pocketing about $11,000,000 before the relief came. 2. By the treaty of 1846 Great Britain abandoned all claim to the country north of the 49th parallel, and the name Oregon was restricted to the region south of that line, to which in turn Great Britain renounced her claim. By the Louisiana purchase in 1803 the United States acquired whatever title France may have had to this region. 3. It is of too recent date, and has already occupied too much space in the papers.

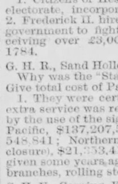
Had Had Experience.

Mrs. Winkle (to new girl)—It's very late, Bridget; hadn't you better go to bed?

Bridget (very kind hearted)—Sure, mum, I will, if yez think it best, but I thought yez was waitin' up for yer husband, mum.

Mrs. W.—I am.

Bridget—Thin I'd better wait, mum; ye look too delicate to help a man upstairs wat stays out as late as this, mum.—*Omaha World.*



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with Loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease, sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases.

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

A SEA MONSTER.

The Sensations of a Man Who Gets Into the Embrace of a Devil Fish.

"We were lying about half a mile off the beach at the Barbadoes, overhauling the standing rigging," said James Gillis, an able seaman, "when the mate ordered John Webb, an apprentice boy, and myself into the yawl, which had been covered and brought around to the port side, that some painting might be done just abaft the main mast. It was a terribly hot day, with the water very warm and the men having little energy. The paint was lowered down to us, and while I used the brush the boy held the yawl in position. We had been at work for quarter of an hour when the boy suddenly yelled out in affright, and as I turned to him he declared that he had seen a horrible-looking object pass under the boat, and so on under the ship. There are plenty of strange creatures floating about in those waters, and a patch of seaweed will sometimes assume a queer shape. I laughed at the boy's fears, but at the same time saw how pale and frightened he looked.

"What's wanted below there?" called the mate as he leaned over the rail, having heard Webb's cry of alarm.

"I—I saw something go under the boat, sir."

"Oh, you did. Well, if yoh bawl out again you'll feel something go under your jacket."

"I began to work again, and had been at it only three or four minutes when the yawl heaved away from the ship two or three feet and at the same instant the boy screamed out again. His voice had scarcely reached my ears when something flashed before my eyes, something caught my arm and pulled it down and pinned it fast to my body, and in five seconds more I knew what had happened. A devil fish had flung one of his arms about me. Webb was screaming at the top of his voice, and, as I got a look at him, I saw that two of the beast's feelers were clutching him. The arm or feeler which had reached me pinned my arm to my side as if in a vise, making a clean wrap around my body, and the extreme end of the feeler crept up along my neck and face. Talk of pain; I never felt anything like it. The teeth of a bulldog couldn't have hurt worse. It was a burning, biting, blistering sensation, as if live coals had been laid on the flesh. I added my yells to those of Webb, but before any one came to the rail I was jerked to my knees in the boat and saw that the creature's object was to pull me overboard. I heard the boy go down and thrash about, and then three of the men came to our assistance.

"The devil fish had outwitted himself. He had gone under the ship and fastened to her bottom or keel, and as soon as he began pulling on us he of course pulled the yawl close against the ship's side. That closed the gap, and he could not pull us overboard, although I think he would have upset the yawl, for we were both down on her starboard side and she was almost on her beam ends when the men jumped down. They began to cut and slash and hack with their knives, and after two or three minutes they had us free—not of the arms, but of the creature. We were hoisted on board howling and groaning, with the boy fainting and I very weak, and they had to be cut from us almost by inches. Webb got it far worse than I did, as he wore a thin cotton shirt and was barefooted. He was bitten on one foot, both hands, across the breast, and it was a long two weeks before he was on deck. His face was swollen, and the left one of his eyes was closed, and the poison made me ill for many days. Wherever one of the cups or suckers took hold the skin was entirely taken off, and it seemed as if pins had been stuck into the raw flesh. A native doctor brought me some herbs out of which to make a poultice, and, though that relieved the pain and helped me to get around again, it was months before my face was entirely well.

"The devil fish minded the loss of his three arms for only half an hour, at the end of which time he clutched the empty boat, half capsized her, and swam twice around the ship as a defiance to the crew. Two or three musket balls were fired into him, and he sank out of sight to be seen no more during our stay."

THE TOWN OF YPSILANTI.

How a Great Greek General's Name was Given to a Michigan Village.

A very interesting story has recently come to light in regard to the origin of the name of the town of Ypsilanti, in Michigan. It appears that during the year 1867 the Greek Consul General in this city, Mr. D. M. Botassi, while visiting the Greek department at that time in Washington, Mr. Ypsilanti, who was then Minister how to name that this town in Michigan was named after one of the most noted generals in modern Grecian history. Mr. Botassi was unable to give the minister the desired information, but promised to communicate with the Mayor of Ypsilanti, and in response to Mr. Botassi's communication, wrote that the town was established in 1822. It was about this time that Gen. Ypsilanti's fame was spreading over the world. The General had served in the Russian army, and had been made a prisoner by the Turks, but escaped, however, was being overrun by the Turks, and he sacrificed his entire standing and rank in the Russian service to defend his own land.

The Turks had laid siege to the city of Nauplia, on the Peloponessus, when Gen. Ypsilanti determined to attack the field on their forces, which he did at midnight, completely routing the enemy. The rumor of his heroic deed reached Michigan just as the authorities of the new town were debating upon a title for it, and in a moment of enthusiasm it was determined to perpetuate the General's name in this manner. A few weeks ago Mr. Botassi received from Greece a bundle of photographs and steel engravings, among which were several of Gen. Ypsilanti. Mr. Botassi decided to forward one of the latter to the present mayor of Ypsilanti, and the picture has just been framed and hung in the city hall. It has created quite a sensation and aroused considerable interest, people flocking in from the surrounding country to obtain a glimpse of the picture. The common council has passed a resolution of thanks to Mr. Botassi.

The Brand on Cain

was not more fearful than are the marks of skin diseases, and yet Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure for all of them. Blotches, pimples, eruptions, pustules, scaly incrustations, lumps, inflamed patches, salt-rheum, tetter, boils, carbuncles, ulcers, old sores, are by its use healed quickly and permanently.

FILTHY GLASSES

In the Rum-Holes of the Queen City of Ohio.

"There is no doubt," said a barkeeper this morning, "that a great many people patronize saloons by drinking from glasses that have been used by others. Think for a moment how the beer drinker is served in the ordinary saloon. See the crowd of roughs, topers, greasy-mouthed, filthy-lipped, sore-tongued bums, staggering up to the bar and taking the glass and pitcher down to the very last drop. Then watch the barkeeper make a pretense of washing the glasses. He just rinses them in a bucket of dirty water under the counter, and cold water at that. The mouth from which the glass has been taken may be foul with loathsome disease.

"In first-class bar-rooms great pains are taken to have every facility for cleaning the glasses, and with whisky glasses this is comparatively easy, but with beer glasses it is not always possible, even with a considerable amount of labor, to get them perfectly clean. People are gradually getting on to this, and I have some customers who come in here and bring their own glass."

"Why don't they do as they do in barber shops. Let every customer have his own cup, with his name on it."

"I never thought of that, but it would be a good scheme to have a nice little case made with the names in gilt letters for glasses for the customers. This would give the barroom a tony kind of air," said the barkeeper, smiling. "Yes, and the high-toned customers would so like to see their numerous little glasses in a case behind the bar. For instance, Gazzam Gano in one glass, Brother Morris in another, and some other local celebrity in another."—*Cincinnati Telegram.*

We still cling to the simple faith that the acme of human wisdom is to know when to lay down a poker hand.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

The Rapidity of Progress Toward Health,

Even when a good remedy for disease is selected, depends in some measure upon the manner in which it is taken. Irregular, interrupted doses can afford no fair test of the efficacy of any medicine, however salutary. Taken in proper doses, at prescribed intervals, a reliable curative will effect the object of its use. Among remedies which, systematically and persistently used, accomplish thorough and lasting cures, and prevents the recurrence of periodic disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters ranks especially high. In cases of dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, fever and ague, liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, constipation and other organic maladies, it is a tried remedy, to which the medical brotherhood have lent their professional sanction, and which, as a tonic, alterative and household specific for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, has an unbounded popularity.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practising physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cher

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of positive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

LAST week was a dull one in business circles. There was a good, steady demand for manufactured staples, but nothing of interest beyond that. The needed factor to push things onward seems to be a rise in the price of grain and agricultural products generally. The present lull in business is generally a characteristic of January; but there would seem to be good reasons for the theory that there will be more depending hereafter upon higher produce prices relatively to manufactured merchandise than heretofore. The principal ground of this is that the metal markets, which have been the mainstay of the situation, have fully reached the climax of sustainable prices, these being now up to the tariff limits, and any further increase will be followed by heavy importations. As a further conclusive cause of inactivity, the wants of the trade for 1887 have been covered by contracts, already, of course, negotiated.

THE House has passed the inter-state commerce bill, and it will become a law if the President does not interfere with one of his characteristic vetoes. The vote stood 219 to 41. The vote in the Senate was equally large for the bill, and it would be possible for the measure to be passed over the veto, if CLEVELAND is ill-advised enough to oppose the measure.

THE protectionist Democrats of the House have held a meeting and formulated a measure to be introduced in Congress. The internal revenue tax upon tobacco and upon tobacco dealers, upon fruit brandies and alcohol used in the arts, are repealed. Quite a number of imported articles are placed upon the free list, including all the articles mentioned in the Randall bill. The provisions of the Randall bill reducing the tariff on certain articles are incorporated in the measure. It is believed the total reduction will foot up about $88,000,000. A committe was appointed to elaborate the bill and present it at a meeting on Friday.

THE committee of conference reached a formal agreement on the electoral count bill, and the House has passed the measure. The conferees accepted the "Oates amendment," the effect of which is to strike out of the Senate bill the proviso which allowed the president of the Senate to announce the name of the successful candidate, and confine his function to the mere announcement of the state of the vote, which will be regarded as sufficient to indicate the result.

NEGOTIATIONS between the governments of the United States and that of China for such a modification of existing treaties as will certainly prevent the introduction of Chinese coolie labor into this country, have just been brought to a successful termination, and in a few days an amended treaty covering this point will be submitted to the Senate for ratification.

THE annual Pension appropriation bill, which has passed the United states Senate and now goes to the House, appropriates $75,000,000. The House has passed also a bill giving pensions to dependent parents of soldiers and sailors, disabled and dependent on their own labor. It affects about 33,000 persons, involving the disbursement of $6,000,000 per annum.

Now let the people be heard from, especially the old soldiers. By a strict party vote—five ayes to seven nays—the committee on Invalid Pensions of the House of Representatives has rejected the proposition to grant pensions to the widows of Gen. LOGAN and Gen. FRANK P. BLAIR.

THE postoffice department is preparing to issue a stamped envelope with a new stamp design. The old design is considered antiquated, and the new one, besides better a better representation of WASHINGTON is more symmetrical in form, with better lettering and general appearance. A new design for the stamp of the one-cent envelopes is being prepared. It will be an improved head of FRANKLIN, with a change of lettering. Government officers say that the stamped envelopes are of better quality and lower in price than any other envelopes furnished to the public.

IT is said that the members of the House coinage committee have received satisfactory assurance from the Senate, that if the House will pass the Senate trade dollar redemption bill without the clause deducting the amount redeemed from the monthly silver purchase, the Senate will accept the amendment and pass the bill. That is to say, it is thought that the two houses will agree to buy of the speculators in trade dollars 70 cents in silver and give the national obligation for 100 cents, and then will go on buying silver as at present, coining it in amounts of the value of 78 cents, and sending it out to the people for 100 cents.

A CONVENTION has been called to meet in Cincinnati Wednesday, February 2, for the formation of the Ohio Valley Cattle Growers' association. The territory to be represented comprises Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Southern Illinois, and a portion of Tennessee. Among the objects to be attained are annual shows of fat cattle, sheep and swine, and the establishment and maintenance of suitable live stock markets for the advantage of farmers and dealers in the territory represented.

THE health of Justice Woods, of the United States Supreme court, is said to be improving under the influence of the "glorious climate of California," where he now is, and the Bourbons mutter, "Sold again!" They wish him to die that CLEVELAND may appoint a Bourbon to his seat.

A BILL has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Senate making combinations to regulate or limit the production of mineral coal, or to enhance the price thereof, criminal conspiracy. A similar measure should be passed by the Ohio General Assembly.

THE vessel men along the lakes are anticipating an increase in lake cargoes, now that the inter-state commerce bill has been passed, and heavy investments are likely to be made in new vessels to meet the increased demand for tonnage. An exchange says that three steel steamers for the lake service are now in process of construction at Cleveland, while contracts have been made for two more, and the plans of still another are ready to be submitted to bids for construction. This steel fleet will cost about $1,000,000. The vessels will carry at 800 tons each, about as much freight as 1,200 freight cars of the largest dimensions. They will constitute a material addition to the lake marine and it is evident that a prosperous era in lake commerce is anticipated.

THE corn crop of this country this year is reported at 1,650,000,000 bushels. The consumption (aggregating nearly 1,900,000,000) is said to be about as follows: 180,000,000 bushels are used in human food, 624,000,000 for working animals, 20,000,000 for seed, 100,000,000 for the production of spirits and glucose, 65,000,000 for export, and 900,000,000 for the food of meat-producing animals.

A MEMORIAL from the Idaho Senate has been presented in the United States Senate, protesting against lopping off any portion of the territory with a view to attaching or annexing the same to any other state or territory.

THE English parliament meets this week and there is no little anxiety to know what will be done. The present government is not nearly as strong as when parliament was prorogued last fall. It is divided and feeble to-day, and is so considered by the public. Few people expect to see it hang together more than a few weeks. The tone of opinion towards Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is rapidly changing. It is felt that his resignation was prompted by patriotism, and he is recognized as standing at the head of a party of reform. There is no question as to his final return to the cabinet, but it will not be likely with the present government. In fact, it could not be, as he resigned simply because his position was insupportable.

LOLD CHURCHILL'S explanation to be made on Thursday will show the real state of the case. He went out not alone on the question of economy, but on questions pertaining to the national policy. He objected to the further waste of money on war preparations; to the rectionary tendency in the Cabinet; to a dispensation to return to the fossilized Torvism of GEORGE the Third's reign; to the neglect of pledges solemnly given to the country, and to a disinclination to pay due regard to the interests and wishes of the working class. He stood alone in the Cabinet in these matters, and there was no other course for him to take than the one he did.

IN Germany the impending elections are occupying the public mind to the exclusion of most all else. The new German Liberals of the Second Berlin district have decided to support the well-known scientist, Prof. VIRCHOW, against Gen. VON MOLTER. It is difficult to forecast which party will carry, but it is safe to predict that in the end BISMARCK will be triumphant, and the seven year bill finally pass the Reichstag.

MEANWHILE preparation for war are going on briskly. In Berlin the peaceful tone of the French papers is regarded as serious since it is believed to be in consequence of an official order to adopt that attitude, while the forming of military camps along the German frontier is progressing. An explanation will be asked of the French government.

ANOTHER crisis has arrived in French matters which may result in the resignation of the Minister of Finance, M. DAUPHIN. His amendment budget in which he proposed the issue of $75,000,000 of long time bonds to meet the temporary needs of the government was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 18 to 6. Curiously enough the deputies had no hesitation in voting the $17,200,000 for the army called for by Gen. BOULANGER, but when it comes to looking the general financial condition in the face, they flinch.

POLITICAL excitement is running high in Canada. The resignations of the Postmaster General, the Minister of Finance, and the Minister of Internal Revenue have been followed by that of the Secretary of State, JAMES S. CHAPLEAU, who, it is believed, intends to go to Quebec and lead the Nationalists. This step will cause the final overthrow of Sir JOHN MACDONALD. The latter, who has been at the head of the government for the most of the time since 1867, and is a most astute politician, has been for some time growing steadily unpopular. The chief causes of dissatisfaction are the great public debt, producing, it is believed, migration from Canada instead of inviting it thither; the Riel execution; the coal tax, and other local grievances in different parts of the Dominion. The party in power possesses one great advantage and that is immense patronage, and this may operate so largely in Sir JOHN'S favor as to secure for him a present victory. The Liberals, however, are looking very hopefully to success.

IT appears that the British government does not approve of the attitude taken by the Canadian government with regard to the fishery squabble with the United States. The necessity of preserving friendly relations with this country was impressed upon Sir JOHN MACDONALD, and he was cautioned not to allow them to be disturbed by resorting to any oppressive measures in the carrying out of the terms of the treaty. The Dominion government has not seemed to feel this necessity to the extent desired by the Home Government, and a good deal of uneasiness has been felt by the latter at the retaliatory attitude taken by this country.

A SPEEDY settlement of the Bulgarian question is now looked for. Russia, not being pledged officially to the Prince of MINGRELIA, may withdraw her demand for his acceptance. This will be followed by a resignation of the Regents, and the formation of a new coalition government. All this, however, yet rests upon supposition, for though the latter are disposed to conciliate Russia, they may not feel it their duty to resign until the Sobranje has accepted a candidate for the throne.

IT is stated that orders for 20,000 kilogrammes of sulphuric ether have been recently filled by German manufactories, and that the consignments, while ostensibly to Rotterdam, have in reality been sent to France by way of Cologne. The presumption is that the anæsthetic is intended for surgical use in the French army hospitals in the event of war.

RUM-DRINKING IN AMERICA AND IN GERMANY.

United States Consul TANNER, stationed at Chemnitz, Germany, in a recent report to the State department upon "Drinking in the United States and Europe," gives a number of interesting facts bearing upon the drink question. The production and consumption of beer in Germany is something stupendous. The total production of beer in 1880 was more than 985,000,000 gallons, and in 1885 this had been increased to 1,122,902,659 gallons—a quantity sufficient to make a lake more than a mile square and six and a half feet deep! As the importation is about equal to the exportation it may be said that this is all consumed in the Empire. Besides this, wines and liquors are very freely used, the former more extensively than stronger liquors.

Mr. TANNER thinks it can be safely estimated that the annual consumption of all intoxicants in the German Empire will reach two billion gallons. The hops, barley, rye, potatoes and other ingredients that enter into the manufacture of this immense quantity of liquors would be more than two billion pounds and would form a good-sized mountain if placed in one heap. Beer is the great national beverage, and is used at least as freely as water; wines are used by the wealthier classes at meals, and are very extensively used, but beer is never absent from the tables of the rich or poor.

One would suppose from this that drunkenness must be frightfully prevalent in Germany. But if Mr. TANNER is a competent authority, the reverse is the case. He declares:

"Drunkenness is rare, and it rarely manifests itself in a boisterous or belligerent manner, but more frequently takes the shape of song, fun, and a general pleasurable feeling of warmth, energy and self-command, and hence those horrid crimes that sometimes shock us in the United States are rarely heard of here. Then why should there exist such a difference in the evils of drinking in Europe and in the United States? It is manifestly the result of the manner of drinking in vogue in the two hemispheres."

He says that the mode of drinking in vogue in Germany, is "ascience," when compared with the blind, irrational and suicidal manner of drinking in the United States. This science consists simply in the tardiness of drinking. All drinks are taken sip by sip, half or three-quarters of an hour being consumed in drinking a single glass of beer. This, he remarks, is so simple that one is liable to be ridiculed for laying stress upon it, and yet on this point hinges a question of vast importance to Americans. By this manner of slow drinking the blood is aroused to greater activity in so gradual a manner that there is no violent derangement of the animal economy. The "object of drinking is accomplished," and the animal economy has the chance to enter protest when its capacity has been reached.

Mr. TANNER estimates that there are a thousand habitual, hopelessly habitual, drunkards in the United States to ten in Germany; and this difference against us arises largely, if not entirely, from the manner of drinking in vogue in the two countries. In consequence of the low classes who usually frequent our barrooms, these places have a reputation corresponding to the classes who hang around them, and when one goes into them he does so by stealth; and to get out as quickly as possible is one incentive to drinking as quickly as possible. To this may be added the fact of the much greater consumption of distilled liquors in the United States than in Germany, which would alone be sufficient to account for the greater intemperance in this country.

It may be interesting to quote the consul in what he says of the visiting of saloons by the better classes in Germany, both men and women:

"Cafes and drinking places in Germany are places of resort for families, and gentlemanly deportment is as much observed in them as in a ball-room. The heads of the best families enter them with wives and children, call for what they want to drink, and order beer or what not for their children, and they sit and pass an agreeable hour over their drinks. No swagger or loud or boisterous conduct is ever seen. At many theaters and other public places of amusement a gentleman or lady can indulge in a glass of beer or wine while the performance is in progress, no notice whatever being taken of it, and nothing of this kind is out of place unless the person should place the glass to his mouth and drain it at one gulp.

"Woman unquestionably carries a purifying influence with her wherever she goes, and her presence in the drinking places of Europe drives from them that class of low vagabonds that hang around American drinking places. Hence one never sees a drunken man in a cafe, and rarely even on the street. Perhaps no better possible illustration of the purifying influences of woman could be found.

"Cafes are open to all classes, but the lower classes seldom visit them; they would be abashed by doing so as much as they would be by entering a parlor where they would meet refinement and elegant manners. There are some exceptions to this rule in the larger cities, but this is confined to cafes that are well known, and ladies avoid them; but there are no drinking places in Germany but what a lady may enter with all propriety."

It will be seen from the above how far beyond Germany we have progressed in the solution of the liquor question. There the saloon is recognized as an established institution, to be patronized by the better classes of society, and by both sexes. Here we have driven it beyond the pale of respectability. No decent woman enters a saloon to drink. For her to do so would, in most localities, put her beyond the social pale. There are many among the more wealthy in this country who use wine at table, but the proportion is steadily growing less. Among the farming community, a class that forms the solid foundation of our prosperity, the use of liquor has become a rarity within the past half century.

In our cities, too, the saloon has steadily been going down hill in popular estimation. There are tens of thousands of men who patronize them to a greater or less extent, who look upon them as evils, who despise the men who run them, and who would be glad were they all wiped out of existence. They are not the resorts of families. The best elements of our social life are opposed to the saloon. The churches are opposed to it. All moral agencies are opposed to it. Society will not recognize the families of saloon-keepers, no matter how lavish a display they make of the wealth wrung from the foolish patrons of the bar. Verily, when we look at the status of drinking in America and compare it with Consul TANNER'S roseate picture of it in Germany, we are full of hope for the future here!

The difference in the number of drunkards is no less marked. There are more drunkards—ten to one—in America than in Germany, yet a far less number of the people drink at all. Consul TANNER explains this by a difference in the manner of drinking. But in this he does not go to the root of the matter. Why, we may ask him, does the difference in the mode exist? Simply because the greater portion of the drinking class in America drink for the sake of getting drunk. They pour down glass after glass, as quickly as may be, that they may the more speedily reach the drunken stage. This points to a fact that our consul does not mention—that the class in America who get drunk (speaking in the general sense) are of a lower grade morally than the mass of the drinkers in Germany. Intemperance is becoming the vice of the low, the immoral, the ignorant Americans. The educated, the intelligent, the thinking portion of the community eschew it.

Another point still in this report enlists our attention: Speaking of the general drinking in Germany, Mr. TANNER says that it is claimed that, "in order to counteract the depressing effects of the cold, sunless, humid climate of Europe, which has the tendency to carry on the animal functions with languor and feebleness, stimulants are necessary to arouse those functions to that degree of activity and vigor enjoyed by others that are more favored in this respect."

Now, supposing this to be true, it affords a most excellent reason against drinking at all in America. Our bright, clear skies, our sunny climate (compared with that of Northern Europe), and above all our dry, crisp, electric atmosphere, render no excuse whatever for drinking. The truth of the matter is that intoxicants act more slowly, less violently, in such a climate as Mr. TANNER describes. They act with maximum rapidity in its opposite, our climate, and their evil effects are much sooner experienced. Hence we have in this report a powerful reason for the suppression of the traffic in Rum in America—that the evil it does is much enhanced by our climatic conditions.

But even the excuse given above for drinking in Germany is not a sufficient one. The human body, in a state of health, possesses wonderful adaptive power. Man can be acclimated to any extreme, from polar frost to African sunshine. The drinking of Rum does not facilitate the process. On the contrary, the evil effects are the same, under all conditions of climate, except that they are slower in developing themselves in a cold, humid climate than in a dry or warm one. But Rum shortens the natural span of life in all cases, and in our climate far more rapidly than in that of Germany. There is but one thing to do avoid this and the myriad of other evils with which it curses man, and that is to stop its use. When the people all understand the dire effects of the Rum curse, they will unite as one man in the effect to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every post-office. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it

THE ANTI-POLYGAMY BILL.

The Tucker substitute for the Edmunds supplementary anti-polygamy bill has been passed by the House, and undoubtedly will go through the Senate. It deals a crushing blow to the Mormon iniquity. It makes the lawful husband or wife of any person prosecuted for bigamy, polygamy or unlawful cohabitation a competent witness against the accused, and further provides for the registration of all marriages, making it a misdemeanor for any person to violate the provisions relative to such registration. It annuls all territorial laws providing for the identification of the votes of electors at any election, and also all laws conferring on the territorial courts the power to determine divorce cases, and abolishes woman suffrage in the territory of Utah. Penalties are prescribed for unlawful intercourse, and polygamy is defined as a marriage between one person of one sex and more than one person of another sex, and is declared to be a felony.

Nor is the portion of the bill designed to break down the supremacy of the Mormon hierarchy in political affairs less sweeping. The financial corporation known as the Church of Latter day Saints and the Perpetual Emigration Fund company are dissolved, and the attorney general is directed to wind them up by process of court, and all laws for the organization of the militia of the territory and the creation of the Nauvoo Legion are annulled. Polygamists are made ineligible to vote and a test oath is prescribed to all persons desiring to vote that they will obey the laws of the United States, and especially the laws in respect to the crimes defined in this and the original Edmunds act. The bill provides for the immediate appointment by the President of all judges and selectmen of the county and probate courts, and by the the governor of all justices of the peace, sheriffs, constables and other county and district officers.

The Edmunds supplementary bill came to the House from the Senate at the last session, and, as now amended by the adoption of the Tucker substitute, goes back to the Senate. The substitute differs from the original bill chiefly in the greater stringency of its provisions. It strikes not merely at the crime of polygamy but also at the treasonable Mormon hierarchy itself, and practically places the entire government of Utah in the hands of the federal government, except the lower branch of the territorial legislature. The purpose of the bill is to Americanize the territory of Utah, and to tear down a hierarchy which is at war with every republican principle.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you.

JUDGE GRESHAM, of the United States Circuit court, has made a decision which establishes a precedent of marked importance to the commercial and financial community. An Illinois bank brought suit against a banking firm in Chicago for the recovery of the value of $12,000 worth of bonds which had been deposited with the firm and which had been embezzled by its cashier and lost in speculations. The court found for the plaintiff bank upon the ground that the defendants had not used due care in protecting the depositor. The court further held that when the defendants found that their cashier was speculating they should have discharged him or placed him in some other position where he could not have endangered property. This decision should have a salutary effect upon the managers of those banks where the directorship is a mere form and the quarterly examination a perfunctory proceeding, the extent and reality of which is known only to the cashier. The principle of this decision is that the bank or banker is responsible for due diligence, and that it is not due diligence to permit embezzlement.

AN English astrologist declares that this year the bright star in the constellation Cassiopeia, which appeared in 1572, is again to reappear. Of course this is a mere guess, as is the rest of his prediction that North America, on account of the visitation of this star and the occurrence of other rare startling celestial phenomena, will be involved in civil war, and in the Atlantic states a reign of terror will prevail unless a Napoleon should appear and quell it.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

ALL incumbrances on "Calumet Place," the Washington home of the late Senator LOGAN, having been canceled by the contributions of Chicago friends, Mrs. LOGAN now holds a clear title to the property, her children having united in signing a deed relinquishing their shares therein.

A BILL FOR A BIG BORE.

A bill has been introduced in the National House of Representatives for a very queer object. It provides that a board of any engineers shall supervise the work of boring a hole as deep into the crust of the earth as modern appliances of the most improved sort can be made to penetrate. The object is to ascertain the composition of the crust of the earth for as great a depth as possible. One of the sections of the bill contains the provision that the secretary of War shall make a report to the Fiftieth Congress showing the progress of the boring up to the date of the report, together with the views of the board as to the depth to which, with the mechanical instruments and appliances at their command, it can be carried; and that the estimates submitted by the War department for the ensuing year shall include an estimate of the amount necessary to prosecute the work during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889. It is also provided that a tract of land four miles square is to be selected, the title of which shall be vested in the government, and that the boring shall take place at or near its center.

While there are some who laugh at the idea, there is more in it than the unthinking can see. It is by no means a waste of money. It will be an experiment of the highest interest to the whole scientific world. Not only will it throw much light upon the science of geology, but it may be a most valuable thing for the industrial interests of the nation. Suppose that through its means we should discover the truth about the formation of petroleum and natural gas? If it is a continuous process, we may ascertain how they are made, and know something concerning the permanence of our gas and oil wells. New mineral deposits of great value may be found at lower depths than we have yet reached in this country. Practically we have only scratched the surface of our planet. The highest mountain chains of the world, in comparison with its total bulk, are as but the wrinkles on the skin of an orange. The highest mountains are nearly five miles high. No boring has yet been made one mile in depth (so far as the data at hand at this writing show). Who can tell what would be found at a lower depth?

It is evidently contemplated by this bill to prosecute the work as deep and as long as practicable, with the best machinery that it is possible to obtain. Here is a chance for the development of improved appliances for boring that will, of themselves, through the saving of money by their adoption in other cases, save much more to the people of the nation than the total cost of the government's experimental boring. We shall be able, too, by taking the temperature at different levels, to determine the ratio of increase of temperature as we advance toward the earth's center, and thus determine finally the thickness of the earth's crust, if the nebular hypothesis be true. And it is not impossible, as advanced by the BLADE in an article some months ago, that it may be possible to reach a point at which the bottom of the boring will be so hot that the interior heat of the earth can be utilized in some way for the production of power or the heating of our cities.

AS TO SUBSIDIES.

There are some queer exhibitions of prejudice on the part of the people of this country. For instance, it is a well-known fact that the stage coaches, railroads and steamboats within the United States are all paid according to the cost and worth of the service rendered in carrying the mails, and on less than one-quarter of all the mail routes in the United States does the postage equal the amount paid by the government for mail service. Why is it that whenever it is proposed to pay American steamships a fair price for carrying the mails to foreign countries that a howl of "Subsidy!" is raised, and it is claimed that the compensation should be limited to the amount of the postage earned on that particular route? Is not the payment to a railroad or steamboat company, where the cost of carrying the mail is greater than the total postage, just as much a subsidy as the payment to an ocean steamship line?

Steam and electricity have extended the boundaries of trade to other countries, just as they did from one state to another in our country. The field, now, is the world. Our manufacturers need to enlarge their market, and they cannot do this without regular, frequent and rapid mail communication. The commerce of countries, which, from contiguity and sympathy would naturally trade with us, is turned elsewhere to competitors whose governments recognize that trade follows lines of communication, and are shrewd enough to pay a price for carrying the mails, which encourages the establishment of such lines.

Why is it that our statesmen cannot see that which is plain to all the rest of the world? Why not apply a part of the money it is proposed to expend upon the creation of a navy to help a commercial marine, which not only helps itself in time of peace, but constitutes the militia of the seas in time of war, brings us our share of the commerce of the world, furnishes a nursery for seamen, employs our mechanics in construction and utilizes the products of our forests and our mines?

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

THERE appear to be conflicting statements as to just what the Senate has done in the matter of the resolution relating to the Maritime company of Nicaragua. In what particular form the resolution which has or has not been adopted refers to the Nicaragua canal cannot just now be officially stated. There is reason to believe that the resolution of the executive session and the bill which has been reported from the Senate committee on Foreign Affairs to incorporate the Maritime canal company of Nicaragua are identical. This is substantially the old scheme in which Gen. GRANT at one time was so much interested, but which was not carried out for various reasons, one of which was the failure of the capitalists to raise the money. One of the strong objections which have been urged against this measure is that hawever carefully the bill may be drawn there is danger that the effect of it, if it should become a law, would be to establish a United States protectorate over Nicaragua and to make the United States in some way responsible for a large amount of indebtedness.

THE Indiana Republican members of the legislature made a blunder, and a bad one, in accepting an offer to allow GREEN SMITH, the Senator who is usurping the office to which Lieutenant Governor ROBERTSON was legally elected, to act with Speaker SAYRE in presiding over the joint convention of the two houses in the election of a Senator. They should have stood on their undoubted rights, and insisted upon the Lieutenant Governor presiding. The Indiana Bourbons are entirely revolutionary in their conduct, and there is but one mitigation of the usurpation they are perpetrating—that the people will eventually get a chance at the rascals through the ballot-box, and will there avenge their overthrow of right and justice.

PROHIBITION AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

There is an impression with many that temperance is a text, which is monopolized by the "cranks," and doubtless may have become a hobby by some; but it is beginning to be discussed like any other business proposition, as well as one of social science and political economy. It is a question for fair deliberation, and there are indications that it is assuming its proper place as an issue subject to investigation, and will be determined and settled when public sentiment shall be properly educated by statistics and the law of cause and effect. There is now on record a railway accident, which is being judiciously tried with a view to obtaining a knowledge as to how much loss of life and property may be due to the drunkenness of the men in charge of that train, on the Baltimore & Ohio road. One of the far-reaching symptoms of drunkenness is that the injury to the personal victims, who may be gradually committing suicide, is only a small fraction as compared with the misfortunes it entails upon his family and the public.

It is, therefore, its relation to the public that permits it to be consisered as a subject for legislation, and prohibits it from being regarded as one of personal liberty only. Every case of habitual intemperance, or even individual intoxication, may be classed as a case of imported cholera or yellow fever. In the latter instance, the board of health is authorized to submit the patient to any sort of personal inconvenience and quarantine to protect society at large. Even in the instance of an infectious disease which affects the lower animals, similar legislation is found to be neccessary, and pleuro-pneumonia is best controlled in that way. It should not, then, be subject to the narrow classification of a personal vice, or misfortune, but as a public calamity.

From a New Orleans report it is openly stated that at the original meeting of some of the public spirited people of Louisiana, to consider the question of secession or adherence to the Union, in 1861, the first part of the meeting was orderly, and that the sentiment prevailed, to adhere to the old flag. Later on, however, after refreshments had been introduced, they began to drink freely and lost their heads, becoming inflamed with the idea that they were unfairly treated; would not submit to the majority rule, and precipitated the secession of that state, and its bloody sequel, the war.

It is a matter of direct issue in considering a copartnership of a business nature, to investigate the habits of each member in this respect; and, other things being equal, no one is nowadays employed by another who has the intemperate habit. The same law is being followed voluntarily as to professional counsel or matters of matters of public trust. We have the evidence of the great traveler, HENRY M. STANLEY, which indicates his impressions of this habit, where great enterprises are being undertaken, and quote the following statement of his, in a communication whilst in New York during his last visit to this country:

"At Zanzibar I formed an expedition for the finding and relief of Dr. Livingstone. I employed two white men, and 200 natives. One of the white men, Shaw, had been mate of an American ship, and the other, Farquahar, mate of an English ship. Both had been accustomed to hardship, but were fond of liquor. It was the awful consequences attending their indulgence in it that aroused my attention to the effect of alcoholic stimulants in Africa. I sent Farquahar forward a few miles to form camp, and when paying up the hotel and other bills, found that he had drank eighteen bottles of brandy before starting. The effect upon him was still visible after we had journeyed 150 miles. From then he became dropsical and died. Shaw had been helping him to consume the brandy at Zanzibar. He was morose, and when he could get no more left me at Unyanyembe, 500 miles march. His object was to find an opportunity to drink to his heart's content of the stale beer obtainable there. I heard that he, in delirium I suppose, put an end to his life. I continued my journey with the natives until I found Livingstone, in a few weeks afterward. He was lodged at a place within 900 miles of Zanzibar, to reach which it took me eight months."

"MISTRESS EMERGENCY" SERIES

In a week or two a series of articles entitled "Mistress Emergency," by Miss EMILY S. BOUTON, will begin in the HOUSEHOLD Department of the BLADE. They are intended to give in simple, direct language the steps that should be taken in the sudden emergencies that come in most families, in which prompt action is often the only thing which prevents dire and sometimes fatal consequences. Such action often, and in fact generally, depends upon the women of the household, usually the mother or sister, and it is of vital importance that no mistakes be made. Mis BOUTON will write these articles with the earnest hope that they will be of benefit to the many readers of the BLADE family.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

A few months more and Queen VICTORIA will have completed fifty years as the ruler of the British Empire—she having ascended the throne June 20, 1837. It is not strange that rumors of her failing health should be heard, for she was born in 1819, and therefore is in her 68th year. The loyal Englishman hears with alarm any report of her illness, for she has ruled so long that she has come to be, to the mind of any British subject under 50 years old, not only the sovereign, but the impersonation of the national spirit—a Goddess of Liberty, as it were, to all true Britons.

VICTORIA has been an ideal sovereign, and largely through the force of circumstances. A mere girl when called upon to assume the regal position, the loyalty and gallantry of every Englishman led him to become her firm friend. In her exceptionally happy married life she was a model wife and mother, and thus another link was forged to bind the hearts of the people to the sovereign. Without exceptionally great intellectual force, she has made a great sovereign, because of the loyalty of the people thus enlisted for her in the early years of her reign, and because, being a woman, the governmental mistakes of her reign have been attributed to her ministers, while the great prosperity of the nation for so much of the half century has gone to her credit—though why it should be so attributed it would puzzle any Englishman to state.

It is, more than aught else, the length of time she has been upon the throne, that has made her the idol of the nation. Englishmen who are now well past middle life have no recollection of any other sovereign than VICTORIA, and even those who were on the stage of action before her accession to the throne retain scarcely an impression of the comparatively short reigns of her immediate predecessors. Hence it is easy to realize how she has come to be regarded almost as the embodiment of government itself. It is not surprising that the English people should regard her failing health almost as a sign of decay in the government itself.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLEY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

THE Pacific coast ports of the United States are excited over the announcement that Russia will close Vladivostock and other North Pacific ports against foreign shipping.

CUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and mailing will commence before this number of the BLADE reaches its readers. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

WORKINGMEN AND SUNDAY.

The *Catholic Review*, of New York city, in a recent issue had an editorial article urging the workingmen to stand unitedly in opposition to the encroachments that are being steadily made upon the day of rest. It says:

"The time is near at hand when those who have so warmly advocated eight hours as a workman's day, will find it necessary to agitate for six days as a workman's week. If the labor organizations are really anxious for an issue on which they can have the help of the vast majority of the American people, let them take up this of Sunday labor. They will find enormous obstacles to contend with in the widespread avarice of the non-Catholic workingmen as well as of the capitalists.

"If the limit of a day's labor to eight hours is calculated to restrain the overproduction to which they object, the cessation of Sunday labor, which is now carried on to an extent enormously in excess of what the general public is disposed to believe, would exercise a still further restraint in this direction. If the labor associations are sincere in their professions, they will find that temperance—if not total abstinence—on all days of the week, and the Christian observance of the Lord's Day, will tend greatly to diminish many of the evils of which they justly complain."

And the *Review* might have added, with equal truth and pertinency, that the Rum element has been chiefly responsible for the breaking down of the day of rest. If the saloons are allowed to open on Sunday, it logically follows any other gainful occupation may be followed on that day. What is needed is to strike at the one thing which is the root of the whole matter. Close up the Sunday saloon, and the tendency toward Sunday labor will receive a tremendous check. At the rate we are drifting, it will not be a score of years until the majority of laboring men will find themselves compelled to work all or part of every Sunday, or lose their situations.

TO ART STUDENTS.

Those contemplating the study of art in any of its many forms, will bear in mind that the Toledo Academy of Fine Arts, Toledo, Ohio, is the only school in the United States, which offers perfect facilities for students. The teachers are graduates of the best schools in Europe and America, the appliances, such as statuary, casts, drawings, etc., for pupils to study from, are complete, and there is attached, for the sole use of pupils, a magnificent gallery of paintings, 1,500 in number, from which they may copy when sufficiently advanced. The course is thorough, and a pupil who has talent cannot but have it fully developed. Living is remarkably cheap in Toledo, and altogether there is no place in the country so favorably situated for this purpose. Communications addressed to D. KNIGHT CARTER, Actuary, will receive prompt attention.

A SURE WAY TO KILL A CITY'S GROWTH.

There is no surer way to check the solid progress of a town with bright prospects of rapid growth in the future, than through the holding of real estate at a higher price than it is really worth. Such property may be said to have two values, an actual and a speculative one. The actual value, of course, is based upon the income which may reasonably be expected from the property, and it is represented by the amount of money upon which the rentals accruing from the property would be regarded as a fair interest. The speculative value is not so easily arrived at. It depends entirely upon the judgment of those who sell or buy it as to the amount of money on which it may reasonably be expected to pay interest at some future time.

To make our meaning clearer, let us suppose that the owner of a piece of city property decides that in ten years it may reasonably be expected to be worth $10,000. When he is requested to name a price for the property by a prospective purchaser, he too often names the full amount which he believes the property will be worth in a decade. The stranger may be pardoned if he declines to buy, however glowing may be the prospects of the city in which the property is located. He is probably unable to see why the seller should be entitled to reap all the benefit of the increase in the value of the property for ten years, while his money is invested for that period without any return.

If A speculator may pay the price, for he may hope to find another buyer whom he shall be able to convince that in eleven years the property will be worth $11,000, and induce to pay that amount for it now; and a bit of prospectively valuable property may thus change hands several times in this speculative way. But this adds nothing to the prosperity of the city. The property is not bought by men who expect to build upon it, to invest large sums of money in business, and to be agents in building up the city. Such speculative sales are detriment to growth, for there is no incentive for man to purchase when all that could possibly be made from the natural increase in price, consequent upon the growth of the city, has been already made by somebody else. The reasonable increase in value for the years has been discounted already.

The result of a general following of such a policy by the property-holders of a growing city is sure to be ruinous. The real value will be so overestimated that investors will turn away

Dr. Kennedy's
FAVORITE REMEDY
is the best medicine in the world for all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder. It arrests Diabetic tendency, banishes inflammation and rescues the Kidneys to a healthful action. Thousands have used it with entire success.
FOR GRAVEL
and Stone in the Bladder. Mr. D. R. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., says: "I passed Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy dissolved the Stone and delivered me from it. I am now well, if I had not taken the medicine just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under the sod. "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cur d me of Stone in the Bladder.—S. W. Hicks, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.
R. S. S. Burch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., is 82 years old. For years he was terribly afflicted from Liver Complaint
Liver Complaint
for thirty years and could not obtain more than temporary relief. He was induced by my friend D. H. Hoag, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Words cannot express how I rejoice at the confidence that I can do so, for my liver trouble is cured. My appetite is uniform, I digest my food with no difficulty and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel so grateful as a man may who, in the order of nature is and must be, so near his journey's end." All Druggists, $1; 6 for $5. Prepared by
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

A LEAF FROM WICHITA'S HISTORY.

The Contrast Between Its Present Prosperity and Its Growth Under the Control of Rum—An Interesting Letter.

WICHITA, Kan., Jan. 20—(Special.)—It is often said by the advocates of rum that a city which drives out the dives is sure to suffer commercial depression and general decay. If it were necessary to produce evidence to that portion of humanity who are mean enough to desire prosperity in trade at the expense of the moral well-being of the community, that this fear of evil of any kind coming from an attempt to do good is entirely groundless, the city of Wichita alone is that evidence.

When Wichita was founded, in 1870, it was the home of free whisky, and consequently of free villainy of every kind. There was then no town nearer than about one hundred miles. It had become famous as a hard place. Notwithstanding the influx of large numbers of the moral element into the city and surrounding country, from 1870 to 1881, the whisky drinkers remained in control of the politics of both. The city, although well located for trade, had up to this time not only

NOT KEPT AHEAD

of surrounding and newer towns, but had been equaled, and in some instances distanced by them. At the time of passing the prohibitory law, the city of Hutchison, which was founded upon opposition to rum, was forging ahead of Wichita with rapid strides.

With the enactment of that law Wichita put on a "clean shirt" for the first time. It began to take hope, through the efforts of a few true heroes who had fought the devil in the shape of the rum saloon, and such its hops in the shape of these miserable creatures who had been raised to suck rum as an indispensable beverage under a false training. Buy 1884 the considerable influx of a sturdy lot of immigrants with their families, seeking homes outside the dominion of King Alcohol, succeeded in putting the balance of power in the hands of the advocates of temperance in a moral way.

FROM THE VERY DAY

that the open saloon closed and the liquor traffic was driven to hide in the cellar and the garret, this city began to grow as no other has ever grown before. With the open saloon and free liquor less than $10,000 worth of real estate was sold per week. Since the vile traffic was outlawed the sales have increased steadily until they have reached in the past two weeks of January, 1887, $1,500,000 per week. Our population has reached nearly 30,000 and is rapidly growing. We have planted four colleges and seven large public schools within a few years. Our population is fast becoming refined and intellectual to a degree that might raise the envy of Boston itself.

We have numerous religious organizations, and other bodies who diligently care for the moral well being of the people. Amongst them the ablest W. C. T. U. local organization in the county. They keep open buck-rooms and library for the public. Scarcely in the whole influence of a noble band of ladies are thrown around the stranger, whether man, woman or child. Such people, if they are in the least worthy, become the guests and wards of this association until its protecting ægis is unnecessary.

Though this place is getting to be a large city faster than any other in the history of our country, and is consequently more liable to intemperate excesses, yet he who sneaks into the low recess, where old Rum still hides from Justice, is

A SOCIAL PARIAH

and moral leper in the eyes of the respectable people. So strong is this moral force here that when a disciple of Bacchus is arrested for violation of the law, he will not add further disgrace to his case by employing the attorney to defend him whom he thinks to be a drunkard.

The effects of alcohol on the human system is taught in our schools. My little children frequently give me lectures on the subject that are all the more interesting when I think that this surely portends the destruction of the rum habit. If there are any who believe that Prohibition does not benefit them, let them take a visit to Wichita and Kansas, and judge of the general and disastrous freedom and frequency with which drinking was practiced in the open saloon, and socially sanctioned here ten years ago, as it unfortunately is in many states now; then let them consider the minimum to which Prohibition has reduced it in so short a time; that that minimum has to be practiced by sneaking and lurking about the outlawed dens of degradation. They will then see that men would rather give up the habit than to consort with the pariahs of society for the sake of a sly "nip." It's a sharp way of dividing the sheep from the goats. W. E. H.

PARAGRAPHIC FUN.

Two students ring a hated professor's bell at midnight. He puts his head out of the window and wants to know what's up. "One of your windows is wide open." "Where?" exclaims the startled professor. "The one you are looking out of."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Husband (pouring out a big drink at the sideboard)—"An occasional smile, my dear, don't hurt me." Wife (eyeing the drink)—"Is that what you call a smile?" Husband—"Yes. What would you call it?"—Wife—"I would call it a guffaw."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Lucy S. Barber of Allegany county, New York, having succeeded in voting at the last election, was tendered a reception a day or two ago at the Hoffman house by the Woman Suffrage committee. At last accounts Mr. Barber had the baby under control, but the village druggist is getting wealthy on his chloroform profits.—*Puck.*

"She—"What is this science of palmistry I hear so much about?" He—"The art of telling fortunes by the hand." She—"Can you tell my fortune by my hand?" He—"No; but if I had your hand I could tell my own fortune." He got it.—*Rambler.*

A Southern pastor, preaching from the text, "Beware of covetousness," said: "Last Sunday night the collection in this house amounted to $1.80, and the dollar was thrown in by a Baptist brother from Richmond, Va., who happened to be here and did not know any better. The other 600 of you dropped in the 80 cents."

Brightly—"You know young Pilbocks, who graduated from the medical school this last summer?" Dullman—"Yes, what about him?" Brightly—"He is sick abed, and is not expected to live." Dullman—"You don't say so! What is the matter? Fever?" Brightly—"No, nervous prostration. One of his most intimate friends forgot to address him as doctor."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Analogy. Young Deadbroke to his landlady's pretty daughter—"I wonder why your mother always gives me so many eggs for breakfast?" She—"I don't know; but mother puts eggs in coffee to make it settle, and—" Deadbroke—"Say no more. I will pay up to-morrow."—*Chicago Rambler.*

A doting Lodi aunt had her little niece over at a neighbor's, and, desiring to show them how smart the little two-year-old was, asked her "what they had over at her mamma's," expecting she would tell them of their new acquisition, a pretty white kittea. The little innocent spoke up promptly, "Milwaukee lager beer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Before marriage the young man feels that he is profoundly unworthy of the dear girl, and she knows that he is worthy. After marriage they both change their minds—she adopts his opinion and he hers. —*Chicago Mail.*

Said Mr. Hemjock to a friend: "The combined age of my wife and myself is 40 years; now guess our respective ages." "If your ages aggregate 40, I suppose your wife represent four and you represent the naught."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The illustrated circular of J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Va., offers tempting inducements to settlers in his flourishing Claremont Colony, on James River.

E. L. YOUMANS.

Edward Livingston Youmans, who died in New York on January 18, has filled a large place in the scientific history of the past generation. He was born at Coeymans, N. Y., in 1821, and was thus 65 years and over at the time of his death. During his boyhood he was attacked with ophthalmia, which rendered him blind for several years, and had a constant tendency to return. Nevertheless he continued his studies by the aid of his sister, Eliza A. Youmans, who has herself written several books on botany. Mr. Youmans graduated at a medical college, but never practiced. While still a young man he wrote several books on chemistry and other works. In 1867 he published "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life," a compilation in support of the claims of the sciences in education, and during the whole of his life he has opposed the dominion of the classics over our colleges with great vigor and effect.

But the great work of his life came later. In 1871 he planned the "International Scientific Series," which has been published simultaneously in New York, London, Paris, Leipsic, Milan and St. Petersburg. His plan was to pay the authors from the sale in all countries, and thus gain them adequate remuneration for work which all acknowledge to be valuable, but which comparatively few care to pay for. This publication has extended to 54 volumes, and their uniformly able character has commended them to the public. The authors who contributed to the series embrace such men as Spencer, Tyndall, Bagehot, Huxley, Clifford and numerous French and German writers. It was owing to Mr. Youmans's tact and organizing ability that this series was made possible.

In 1872 he established the *Popular Science Monthly.* He continued to edit this periodical, which has continued to win a high degree of success, both scientifically and financially, to his death. About four years ago he caught a severe cold, which was aggravated by neglect, and developed into consumption. He went to to the the Bahamas in search of health, but finally returned to New York and gave up the struggle.

No bare outline like the above can, however, give any idea of Dr. Youmans's work. His constant and untiring efforts in the cause of sound education has been of invaluable service. In lectures, books, and in the *Popular Science Monthly*, his influence has been enormous. As editor of the latter he has maintained a very high average of merit in the articles published, and at the same time his kindly interest in young and unknown contributors, and his assistance of them, were remarkable.

Not the least of his services has been in promulgating the works of Herbert Spencer, and in securing for that philosopher full pay for the American edition of his works, notwithstanding the absence of international copyright. He interested the Appletons in Mr. Spencer while the latter was still in financial straits, obtained the publication of his "Education" and other works in this country, and payment for the same. In his conduct of the *Monthly*, too, he has defended the great Englishman against the unfounded attacks made on him, and has been, with Mr. John Fiske, the principal agent in the diffusion of Mr. Spencer's ideas in this country.

When Mr. Spencer was here in 1882, Dr. Youmans arranged the farewell banquet to him, at which Wm M. Evarts presided, and Wm. G. Sumner, Carl Schurz, John Fiske and Henry Ward Beecher were among the speakers. It was the most distinguished gathering that ever assembled to do homage to a philosophical writer, and must have been highly appreciated by the distinguished guest. The devotion of Dr. Youmans to his ideas of truth and sound science, and his disinterested aid of others have won him a very wide admiration and affection, which was fittingly expressed in Mr. Fiske's dedication of his "American Political Ideas:" "To Edward Livingston Youmans, noblest of men and dearest of friends, whose unselfish and untiring work in educating the American people deserves the gratitude of all men."

Dr. Youmans's death will cause a widespread regret and leave a vacancy not easily filled.

"OLD POTTER'S" SHAVE.

How He was Induced to Abandon His Drinking Habits.

"Out on our Nebraska line, near Sutton, Clay county," said a railroad conductor who for many years had owed allegiance to the great Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, "there used to live a man named Potter—a rather old man who had seen better days, but who was then living in a dugout two miles from town, and close by the railroad track. He was a fearful old drunkard, too, and used to go to town about every other day and fill up at Pat Curran's saloon, starting home late in the evening, and always taking the railroad track. Being an old man and not being able to stand such big and bad doses of liquor as Pat gave him, he often fell down on the track and went to sleep. Time and again our boys stopped their trains on discovering old Potter head, and of course, saved his life every time they did it. It got to be so that it was a rule of the road along by Sutton to 'look out for old Potter.' After a time the boys got tired of it, and got the local agent to notify the old man that he'd got to get off the track or get hurt. This had no effect, and Potter used other ties for a pillow quite as often as before. One winter's night in 1874 Dave Thompson—he's now superintendent at Lincoln, but he was then a freight conductor—one night Dave was running an extra cattle train from Lowell, and as they reached the top of the hill going down to Sutton, Dave was in the engine cab and he said:

"'Keep a sharp lookout for old Potter. If he's on let's give him a scare.'

"Pretty soon the engineer sighted a dilapidated form ahead on the track, and declared that it was the old man. 'Whistle for brakes,' said Thompson, 'but let her run pretty free, and we'll shake the old mae up a bit.'

"The boys all entered into the spirit of the thing. Their purpose was to run the locomotive's nose right into the old man and rouse him without hurting him, with the idea of giving him a good scare. But the weight of the train and the grade proved pretty bad things to calculate to such a fine point, and when the locomotive reached the old man the boys all had their hearts in their throats and a feeling that they were little better than murderers. They jumped down, expecting to find Potter all mashed to pieces, but there he was under the engine, snug up against the fire box, where he had been rolled and pushed along in the now forgotten cattle roads. He was evidently warm on the side next the fire box and cold on the other, for just as the boys got to him they heard him mutter:

"'I shay, ole 'oman—shay—yer pullin' all 'er cover off'n me.'

"Well, the boys got him out, and were delighted to find that he wasn't much hurt. As soon as they got him thoroughly roused he was the most frightened man that ever was. That scare proved his salvation, for he traced up and reformed, and now owns one or the finest, best stocked farms in Clay county. I got this story from one of our Nebraska men, and know it to be true."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Frightened Butcher.

The ventriloquial powers of a certain board of trade man were brought into play the other day at the butchering pens of a certain well-known packing house at the stock yards. In company with two of his confreres, this worthy went on a tour of inspection of the yards. Reaching one of the beef butchering houses, the trio got up on the platform and watched the process of felling the Texan cattle in the pens. The executioner, a strapping, blood-besmeared fellow, with a twelve-pound mallet, would go from stall to stall, raise his weapon over his head and then let it come down with a thump between the eyes of the doomed animal. Now and then a refractory brute would bellow and the man who would dodge the blow, and for fear of mutilating his carcass the carbine would have to be resorted to. The dealers in longs and shorts were interested spectators during the disposition of a hundred or more of the animals. After having penned in a row of steers, the fellow with the mallet had his attention called to the fact that one of the bovines, already suspended from the hooks, and with his head half off, showed very decided signs of life. Seizing his gun, and followed by the trio of brokers, the executioner got down and at the animal. Placing the muzzle of the carbine to the temple of the suspended beef, he was about to pull the trigger when a voice, appearing to come directly from the brute, exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, don't fire!"

The fellow with the gun stood back aghast. The dying throes of the animal had caused a contraction of the facial nerves just as the words were uttered, and its lips opened and closed just as the sentence was finished. The executioner, after contemplating, for a moment, the condition of affairs, dropped his gun and struck a bee-line for the office, where he related his wonderful experience. It required the persuasive powers of the clerk and three board of trade men to get the man to resume his work.—*Chicago Herald.*

—If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

Winchester's

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a match less Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite, and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. "The stars AND BAR" WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. $1 and $2 per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
No. 162 William St., New York.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A Movement to Substitute Electricity for Hanging.

BUFFALO, Jan. 24.—The report of the capital punishment commission will be presented to the legislature to-morrow. Mr. Elbridge Gerry, who has been in Europe for some time, cabled his coadjutors that in case he could not return in time to confer with them, they should make a preliminary report and ask for further time. Dr. Southwick, of this city, another member of the commission, left for Albany Saturday to meet Mr. Mathew Hale, the third member. Before his departure, Dr. Southwick was asked what the result of the commission's labors would be. He replied:

"The weight of opinions expressed in the replies received by the commission in the circular sent out to prominent lawyers, judges and others in the state asking their views on the subject is against hanging and in favor of electricity. The report, therefore, will be in favor of the adoption of some electrical apparatus for executions. That is the end toward which I have been working for six years, and if the report of our commission does not culminate in the passage of a bill embodying that thing, I shall begin to think I have been working in vain. I have noticed that the bill introduced in our legislature last year was copied in London, and a similar one has been introduced by a Frenchman in the legislative body of France. Germany has taken up the question, and I have just read that in New Jersey attention has been called to our agitation of the matter. I wish that the Empire State would take the initative in this step towards a broad humanity. The only argument that can be brought in favor of hanging is that of its deterrent effect; but I maintain that a painless death would have just the same influence upon society if it were accomplished in secret. Let a prisoner be confined in a state prison and be removed from life painlessly and secretly, without the hurrah and sensation that attends a hanging."

WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

Infamous Dens in the Michigan Lumber Regions.

DETROIT, Jan. 24.—During last week a bill was introduced in the Michigan legislature to suppress the infamous dance houses in the lumber camps of Upper Peninsula. The worst stories from that region are corroborated by one of the victims of the traffic. In the Detroit house of correction are eight women who were sentenced to one year imprisonment for being found in one of these dens. When the house was raided nine women were captured. One of these was sent to the hospital, suffering from a horrible disease, and the other eight were brought here. Two of these are in the prison hospital. One, known as Minnie, will be released and will leave in a few days to go to her home in the East to die. In view of the pending legislation the *Free Press* will to-morrow publish an interview with this last named, which gives an account of a life the horror of which can scarcely be imagined.

On promise of employment Minnie, whose husband had deserted her in Chicago, was induced to go to the camp near Menominee by a cheap restaurant keeper named Wm. Gaines, of No. 111 Halsted street, Chicago. Not until her arrival in the lumber region did she realize the life she was to lead, and the lack of funds prevented her return. By force she was compelled to do the bidding of the fiends who kept the hell in which she was confined. Kicks and beatings were frequent. The shanty in which they were penned was surrounded by high palisades, and thirteen bloodhounds further prevented escape. All attempts to communicate with the outer world were frustrated. Once the attention of the authorities was attracted and a deputy sheriff called to investigate. He was given $50 and left. The girl's story has been verified by the superintendent of the House of Correction after careful investigation. What is published is but a hint of the life led in these dens of infamy, the details being too revolting for publication.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY

In the Suburbs of Cleveland—A Mother Kills Her Three Little Children, Mortally Wounds Two Others, and Commits Suicide by Hanging.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 20.—A horrible murder was committed here early this morning. James Cabalek is a well-to-do carpenter, living on Lorain street, Newburg, near the city limits. He has had employment all winter, and his oldest son has worked with him. This morning he and his son went to work shortly before 7 o'clock.

The mother, Antoinette, had been out of temper at the breakfast table, and had refused to talk to her husband. Directly after breakfast she sent Henry, her five-year-old son, to a grocery near by, and still another son to a milk depot. When they returned they could not get into the house. Going into the back-yard they saw James, 12 years old, in the water closet bleeding from sixteen wounds in his left side.

They hastened away and called their older brother, who was busy looking for his father, and returning, the three boys forced an entrance to the house. They discovered Tony, an 8-year-old girl, bleeding from a dozen cuts in her left side. On the floor near by were Mamie, 5 years old; Antoinette, 3 years old, and Willie, 3 months old, all dead from dreadful stabs near the heart. A bloody pair of shears told the story.

A hunt was made for the mother. She was found in the cellar, hanging from a rafter, dead. She had killed her three children, mortally injured two others, and had then suicided. The two children who were still alive were removed to a neighbor's house, but they can tell no cause for the terrible deed is given. The husband does not think that his wife was insane.

Where Dead Animals Go.

"What becomes of all the animals that die in Chicago?" asked a reporter of a health officer in that town the other day.

"They are shipped," he replied, "to the rendering establishment 30 miles south of the city, where they are skinned, cooked dried and ground up into guano. No passenger trains runs past the crematory, for the reason that the stench around the neighborhood would nauseate an ordinary person. The dead animals reach the works late each night. Upon their arrival a man goes around yanking off the shoes on the horses' feet and cutting off their tails and manes. The dogs, cows, cats and horses are then taken to the steaming room, where the frost is taken out of them, after which they are skinned. The meat is taken off their bones and cast into a great vat, where it is boiled to a pulp. From the vat the meat is taken to a drying room, where it soon hardens. It is then ground up and sold as one brand of guano. There is nothing about a dead animal that is not turned to profit. The skin of the horse is sold for saddle coverings and boot leggings, while the larger bones of the noble animal are purchased by manufacturers of cutlery. The manes go to the shoemakers, and the long, glossy tails are made up into livery stable switches. The small bones of all animals are ground up into fertilizing material, which is preferred to either blood or meat guano, for the reason that it contains more lime.

The Language of Gloves.

For "Yes," drop one glove from the right into the left hand. "No" is said by rolling both gloves in the right hand. If you want to express that you are indifferent to a partner, take the right hand glove partly off. If you wish a male friend to follow you into the next room, strike your left arm with both gloves. "I love you still," is expressed by slowly and carefully smoothing both gloves. If the fair she desires to know whether her affection is reciprocated, she is to put on half the left hand glove, one finger at a time. "Be on your guard against the governor," or "my mother-in-law," as the case may be, is a message often sent, and is given by delicately twisting the glove fingers round the thumb. If the damsel is in a quarrelsome mood she simply makes a cross with both her gloves and proceeds to lay them on her lap in this position. These are the principal and most simple rules.

A Big Fortune for Some One.

Two years ago, Lieut. Moxie discovered that a little fodder plant would cure the tobacco and liquor appetite. Since, it is ascertained it will cure nervous exhaustion and the tired out at once with no reaction like a stimulant. 5,000,000 quart bottles were sold by the apothecaries last year. Everybody drinks it, from the President down. Statistics show it has cured 228,000 drunkards and 389,000 nervous wrecks in 15 months. It is cheap, 35 cents a bottle. They make a medicated Lozenge of it that stops colds after the most severe exposure. It is called Moxie Nerve Food.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached to its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
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Commissioners.

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CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
1,000 "	50	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$335,000

Applications for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

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REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize. All parties therefore advertising to guarantee Prizes in this Lottery, or holding out any other impossible inducements are swindlers, and only aim to deceive and defraud the unwary.

The Parrot and the Monkey.

A parot was swinging in her cage under a tree when a monkey owned at the next house came over to Boast that he had the Wisest Mistress in the World. The Parrot squawked and cackled and resented the Allegation, and added: "No one can compare with my own mistress for true wisdom." The subject was being Hotly Disputed, when down flew the Crow, and it was agreed to leave it to him. "Why, Ladies and Gentlemen," said the Crow, "the Fact that neither of them Has even good Common Sense is proved off-hand by their Keeping the likes of you for Pets!" Moral—Our Defenders are Sometimes the Best Witnesses against us.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Publishers' Column.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

It was to break the monopoly that the BLADE commenced this business, and it has succeeded.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either..... 6 cents.
Six copies..... 10 cents.
Twenty-five copies..... 30 cents.
One Hundred copies..... One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

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We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

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A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Regular price, $8. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

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SHERBURN, Minn., July 22, 1886.
We have received the machine; it came in good shape; the freight was $1.40. My wife is well pleased with the machine, and thinks it is all that has been said. It thinks it is a beauty; it runs easy and does splendid work and it is a wonder to every one that has seen it run to see with what ease it sews from thin to thick cloth without change of tension, and where other machines would clog on a seam it runs through with ease. It would cost $35 to $40 to get a machine here not near as good. You will get more orders from here soon. I will do all I can to help you.
WALTER W. WALLARD.

MARYSVILLE, Kan., July 24, 1886.
The Sewing Machine I ordered of you, June 5, arrived all right two weeks ago. We have given it a thorough trial, and can say it is a first-class machine. It runs very light, and is very easy to understand. Several of the ladies of our neighborhood have been to see it and all say it is "just splendid." I think you can expect more orders from this neighborhood soon.
I wish you every success in your effort to "bust" the sewing machine monopoly.
W. A. TATLOCK.

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MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

PHYSICAL BEAUTY.

In Dr. Hammond's "Lal," a novel of considerable power, and wonderful as coming from the brain of one who, for years, has been engaged in the duties of a profession in the highest degree repressive of the imaginative in thought, he makes his heroine a dirty, unkempt girl, who is yet a model of physical beauty in person and form. I shall not stop to comment upon the incongruity of the hero, a man of great culture and nice refinement,—I say nice, because he seems to possess what might seem almost a finical sense of fitness in everything—falling in love with a girl who is not personally cleanly, who does not clean her teeth, or wash her hands when they are dirty, and this in addition to an entire ignorance of everything that goes to make an intelligent woman. I know that human vagaries in this one matter are past finding out, and yet there is a golden thread of law which runs through these attractions that is rarely broken. A man, such is the hero is described to be, might fall in love with a woman whose only charm was her perfection of physical beauty, but with this she must possess sufficient self-respect to keep her person clean, or she will be repellent to the perceptions of his material senses, and this will soon kill out his passion.

The story however, serves to emphasize the truth, and this, doubtless, was what the author meant to do, that physical beauty exerts a very strong influence over mankind. A well formed man or woman, with easy carriage and a look of vigorous health, will often carry off the suffrages of a social community from those intellectually their superiors, simply because they are pleasant to look upon. I do not say that this influence will be long lived if it is the single possession of the individual, but it has its strong first effect which reaches often much further than might seem to the reason possible.

This is not an agreeable thought, that something which is the product of no individual exertion, that is only the gift of nature, and is not the result of any mental or moral effort, should yet precede, even for a fleeting hour, the graces of heart and intellect which only come from self-abnegation and studious exertion. And yet, after all, when looked at aright, it is simply the expression of an instinct implanted in humanity for a purpose, and that purpose, a nearer approach to perfection. It is true that a sound body goes a long way towards mental and moral vigor, for it gives a power that the weakling can rarely possess, and for this reason it were wiser to accept this natural admiration of beauty in form and feature as a necessary safeguard against too great a detereoration of the race, than to carp, at it as an evidence of sensuality or a regard for material things unworthy immortal beings. In fact, it is so far in my thought from being a thing to be deprecated, that I would make it a still more powerful factor in determining the conditions of society, not in the sense of neglecting in a single iota mental and moral culture, but to prevent a carelessness in regard to that of the physical being. I would not have the instinct abused and perverted, as it is when bodily beauty is made the only basis of judgment in deciding a question that may have to do with the well-being of unnumbered generations, but it should most emphatically enter into the consideration of man or woman, when choosing that other self with whom to form a life union.

All this, however, was not in my thought when I began writing, I only intended to show that since physical perfection commanded so large an influence with the learned and the unlearned, that everything which tended to bring it nearer to a general condition of the human family, was worth attention. Beauty and health are the natural possessions of man and woman. When they are lost it is through wrong doing, ignorant it may have been, but none the less a wrong. The time is coming rapidly when to be sick, will be to acknowledge ourselves or our not distant ancestors, sinners against law.

One of the most earnest crusades against woman's abuse of herself in the way of dress, is that lately inaugurated by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller. Her words bear no doubtful construction when she says:

"It is as true in the nineteenth century as it was in the beginning, that disobedience to eternal, self-existing law entails the curse of physical inharmony from which all evils spring. It is an indubitable fact that women wear such burdens upon the back as weight the brain with disease and death, and a radical reform in dress and physical habits is woman's only hope for her own future and that of posterity. We must remain under the cloud of physical suffering and deformity, mental and moral, until the mothers of the race throw off the thraldom of debasing and ungraceful fashion and give complex nature the chance for development, according to the highest laws of God. We are in danger of losing the last vestige of the Eden-born woman, through our physical perversions, and the time is ripe for reason to cry halt."

Mrs. Miller speaks the words of truth, as every woman knows who gives the subject a thought. Reform in dress has, however, been the cry for years, and still we go on with our corsets and our heavy skirts, compressing the body and weighting it down until there is no strength or elasticity left, at a time when both health and vigor should be at their highest point.

It is in vain to cry halt, to point out the fact that unless a change is made the physical beauty of the race will depart forever, unless it can be made evident that such a change may be accomplished without turning the whole race of women into present guys. An evil which is in the future, or which cannot be directly traced to its source, without shadow of turning, never has half the influence of one immediately apparent. Ridicule is more feared than bodily suffering, and therefore it is that, so far, all attempts at dress reform have failed, because they involve so wide a departure from the prevailing modes of dress as to make the wearer unpleasantly conspicuous.

The dress which Mrs. Miller proposes does not do this. So far as outward appearance goes, none could tell the wearers save by an added grace and beauty which would become more evident as time wears on. The weight is distributed equally over the body, while warmth is obtained without the mass of material that is now thought necessary beneath the outside dress. The latter, exceept that it is made in the Princesse style, differs but little from what the generality of women wear.

Of course there may be as great a difference in the general appearance under this new regime as now. It can be made artistically beautiful or hideously ugly, just as dress is, as worn at present. That depends upon individuals, but there will be no greater necessity for unbecoming garments. Even when it proves to be so through unskillful making, it will, at least, possess the element of healthfulness, and its influence be felt later on if not at once apparent.

It is a truth that we are rapidly coming to be a race of invalids, or rather it was true until public attention was aroused to the physical deterioration of our people. The result has been a greater regard for our sanitary laws, the popularizing of out of door sports and various hygienic reforms that have already worked marvels. It remains now for women to take a step forward in dress reform, and the outlook is the more hopeful, because it is those composing the fashionable part of society in the Eastern cities who are interested in the matter, and beginning to make the change. When the reform wave reaches, as it surely will, inaugurated in this way, to the great mass of women who work either in the home or outside of it, then the benefit will begin to make itself felt everywhere. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Traveling Bag.—A correspondent writes for a description of the cloth traveling bags that she says were carried fifteen or sixteen years ago. Probably she means what is sometimes called a roly-poly. Three-quarters of a yard of brown linen of the heaviest kind will be sufficient. Cut out from the side of the goods two circular pieces, eight or nine inches in diameter. Then cut off a piece, 18 inches wide and long enough to put a hem about an inch wide or a little wider on each end, and then go smoothly around the outer circumference of the circle with the hems overlapping. This piece may be embroidered, braided, or etched, also the ends. It is well not too make them too elaborate, but with just enough work to have them neat and pretty. Baste the ends in with the edges out, then bind the seam firmly with scarlet braid. Make button-holes on the upper hem and put corresponding buttons on the lower one. A strap of the linen made double, say an inch and a quarter wide, and eight or ten long, is bound with the braid and sewed firmly to the hem in which are the button holes. It needs to be left a little loose, in order to be used as a handle. Many prefer, when the bag is packed full, to put a shawl strap around it and then there is no danger of the handle or buttons giving away, or if they do the contents will be safe. A great deal can be packed in these bags, more than one who has not tried it could imagine, and they are light to carry.

The linen ones can be washed, but they are sometimes made of dark green or blue water proof cloth, often plain, but with etched initial or monogram if liked.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" describes many things to make home pretty. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Crazy Quilt of Wool Pieces.—"Jennie" wants to know what to do with pieces of wool dresses, of which she has a quantity. You can make a very pretty quilt of them, just as you would of silk or velvet scraps, only use much larger pieces, thus greatly diminishing the work. You can either make the whole quilt or take a lining the size of the quilt you want and sew the pieces on just as they happen to come. It is simply a matter of choice or convenience. The crazy stitches with which you cover tha seams, need to be large and showy, and are much more quickly done than on the silk quilts, where the piece in which you have bright colors, will surprise you.—ED.

Plaster of Paris Plaques and Panels.—Ten cents' worth dental plaster, half teaspoonful coarse salt, half pint rainwater, a small piece narrow ribbon, any desired shade, and an oval meat dish, small size, are the necessary materials for moulding plaster plaques.

Stir the plaster in the water, beating it thoroughly, then add salt; the batter should be firm, but not too thick. Pour into the plate as soon as you have added the salt. Place a loop of ribbon at the top after pouring in the plate some of the plaster, then pour on more plaster. Do this rapidly, as the plaster hardens very fast after the salt is added. To give a grey color to the plaque, add a quantity of ivory black paint, stirring it in well; also putting it in before adding the salt. Let stand for an hour to harden and dry; then dip in water, turn plate over and tap gently on the bottom. If the panel does not come out, slip a knife under one edge, when it can be removed.

Wild roses may then be stamped on it and painted. The paint should be thin red with turpentine, using no other mixing oil. Emerald green, lemon yellow, chrome green, geranium lake, silver, white and burnt sienna will be needed for wild roses. Pattern No. 2,033, size 3½x5 is a graceful and pretty pattern in wild roses. Pattern costs 10 cents.

Paint the leaves in two shades of green, adding a touch of burnt sienna for the stems, and veining the leaves, after the first coat is dry, with burnt sienna.

For the roses, add one touch of geranium lake to two-thirds the quantity of white. The stamens are made with a fine brush using lemon yellow.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester Ind

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b bind o, over; sl, slip; sm, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; sc, short crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Easy Lace.—Cast on 15 stitches. 1st row sl 1—k 1—(o 2—n)6 times—o 2—k 1; 2d, 4th—6th rows, purl across; 3d, sl 1—k 1—(0 2—n)2 times—k 3—(o 2—n)3 times—o 2—k 1; 5th row, sl 1—k 1—(o 2—n)2 times—k 6—(o 2—n) 2 times—o 2—k 1; 7th row—sl 1—k 1—(o 2—n) 2 times—knit rest plain; 8th row—b off 3—knit rest plain.—MRS. J. C. MEIRS, The Dalles, Wasco Co., Oregon.

Spider Web Lace.—Cast on 15 stitches. 1st row—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 6; 2d row—k 6—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—n—p 1; 3d row—k 8—o—n—twice—k 3—o—k 6; 4th row—cast off 4—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—p 1; 5th row—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3; 6th row—k3—o—k 1—o—s 2—k 1—pass the 2 slipped ones over the knitted one—o,k 4—o—n p—1.—CLARA.

Pansy Lace.—Make a ch of 6 stitches, join in a ring, ch 3, put 3 d c in ring, ch 2, 3 more d c, ch 3, another shell in the one, ch 3 another shell, ch 10, turn end of ch and catch in 6th st, ch 4, catch one-third way around the small ring, ch 4, catch two-thirds way around, ch 4, catch where stem comes in, put 5 d c in first 4 ch, fasten in the 3 ch in the shells, 5 more d c in same place, 1 s c, 10 d c in next 4 ch and 1 s c, 10 d c in next and fasten with an s c. But tonhole the stem, make 3 more shells, and in making the next pansy catch the center of the second leaf in the center of the last leaf in first pansy.—ELLA MORGAN.

Correspondence.

PRESERVATION OF BIRDS.—Two or three years ago I asked the question if there was in existence among the readers. I have looked in vain for an answer, and thinking perhaps there might have been some one who has joined the band more recently, I make bold to ask, if they do understand the art, if they will not be kind enough to give a few practical hints on the preservation of birds. We have had instruction in nearly all the fine arts, through the HOUSEHOLD, which I know by experience, has done a great deal of good, why not add this one to the rest. I, for one, would like very much to understand the process, not for mere pleasure or fashion. And perhaps some of the HOUSEHOLD are situated as I am, living in a small city, and a taxidermist would hardly find work enough to do to support himself. I well recollect one very warm day in the past summer of climbing four flights of stairs in a paper factory for the purpose of finding some one who was skilled in this art, for I had lost one of my beautiful little songsters who had ceased to breathe, and I could not bear to think he must pass from my sight also.

I would like to ask the ladies what they think about the societies that are being formed all over the country, for the purpose of ignoring the fashion of wearing stuffed birds upon the bonnet or hat.

I think any one of the HOUSEHOLD who will visit me in my Eastern home and watch while I call some of my little pets (the sparrows) to their breakfast, of a cold morning when the mercury runs down to about zero below zero, and see them flock around me and take their food from my hands while I call them by name, I think the ladies would never again want to have them snared for the sake of fashion. I know full well I am bringing down an avalanche of vindictiveness from my fashionable sisters, also the farmers. I can combat all these arguments with personal observation.—AUNT EMMA.

NOVEL READING.—I have taken great interest in the discussion on "novel reading," and would like to say to "Flora K. Smith," that her case is an exception. I will admit, that there are some women that read the newspapers and do not turn to the stories the first thing. There are some women who can read histories, biographies and science as well as novels, and enjoy them, too. But they are the fewest number. Not only is it so of women, but it is the case with men. For conclusive evidence, I will refer you to the register of our circulating libraries. And even in our school libraries, where works on science and biographies are needed for reference, we find that ficticious works are registered two to one.

Some cannot read history, others have no taste for science, and even some do not care to read the daily news. But there are very few who cannot peruse a good novel with the keenest of pleasure.

Reading is not a necessary acquirement; the taste must be cultivated. And I agree with "Beattie" on the point "that the desire for novel reading grows from the first one." I am glad it is so. It is right. The great care to be exercised is the right and proper selection of that "first one." Parents, see to it, that you place within the reach of your children only the best literature. The field is so broad that there need be no difficulty in selecting. But no more for the first time.—TIMID.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.—I notice in last BLADE a request from E. E. I. that some one write on the training of children. How to raise them without scolding or whipping? I am a grandmother, have assisted in the training of three generations of children, and I wish to write on that subject.

Children can be raised without either whipping or scolding, and there are two ways of raising them on this plan. Specifications for first way: 1st. Never give your child a positive order. Since you have resolved never to enforce an order in case of refusal on the part of the child to obey, it will be worse than useless to give orders. 2d. Never forbid your child anything. 3d. Study the child's tastes, whims and notions, and see to it that the entire household are kept in such a galion the child will. 4th. Any servant who refuses to obey the family tyrant should be instantly dismissed. 5th. If your husband should venture to correct the child, cry and make all the fuss you can. One thing should be borne in mind: there is no law, either human or Divine, which has not some penalty attached whereby breakers of the law are punished. So, if you don't intend to punish him, you should refrain from laying any commands upon him.

Now for the second way, according to the moral suasion plan. Tell the child lies. If he cries for something you cannot afford to give him—the clock, for instance—tell him there is a big snake in it that will eat him up if the clock is opened. Tell him—or her, as the case may be—that there is a great big awful hog in the cellar that eats up bad children, and a dreadful, horrid bear in the parlor. If you wish to call on a neighbor, without being compelled to carry a two or three-year old baby, smuggle your bonnet and shawl into the bedroom or pantry, and throw them through the window; then, while Bridget turns somersaults in the dining room to attract the youthful attention you can sneak out of the back door, dodge around the corner of the house, grab the shawl and bonnet and run as for your life until some friendly bush or building screens you from your own dwelling, then stop and arrange your toilet at your leisure.

Many eminent persons have been raised on this plan. The Younger brothers and the James boys are bright and shining examples of this inspired method of training children. Our penitentiaries and jails are full of unfortunates who took their first lessons in lying from their parents, and who had discovered before their fifth year that no dependance could be placed in the word of any of their adult relatives. Most of their relatives claimed to be religious, and would have been shocked beyond measure if some "grown person" had presumed to doubt their word. They hadn't the nerve to train their children on a sensible plan. They preferred duplicity and treachery even in their families. Verily they have their reward.

Our country is overrun with tramps who were as a rule victims of the moral suasion rule in youth. Some of the most hopelessly incorrigible desperadoes, who curse our land, imbibed a bitter hatred for religion and an abiding trust in lies thereafter by simply watching with the keen perception of childhood and early youth the contradictory traits of character exhibited by their parents, more particularly their mothers. The attempt to frighten a head-strong, resolute child into obedience by bug-a-boo tales, and transparent lies is invariably detected by the child and the parent is as invariably despised by him, and when the weak vascillating parent discovers that material and physical fear have no influence on him then she resorts to religion—not the religion of the Holy Bible—but a milk and water substitute consisting of bribes for this good and vague indefinite terrors for the bad, and the precocious infant meets her half way. He believes the whole system of religion is a lie—he has not an atom of confidence in it. His mother prays and weeps in his presence in season and out of season. He thinks, and honestly too, that she is "putting it all on," that it is work on his feelings—getting up a theatrical scene to try to scare or coax him to forego some fancied pleasure, or give up the society of some jolly companion. He never feared her. He never acknowledged her authority. And, mother, cruel as it may seem to you, it is a mortal truth that no child ever loved its mother as the mother loves the child. He cannot remember the time when he ever had full confidence in her word. And he is firmly persuaded in his own mind that she has no judgment worth mentioning. So now at the mature age of 12 years he feels a species of contempt for her, coupled with the fullest possible confidence in himself.

How long could the captain of a ship manage his crew if he was divested of all authority? How could the armies of the world be managed if those in authority were compelled to govern by moral suasion?

The family is a miniature state and just as the child is trained up so he will remain. He is a tyrant, an anarchist, or the enlightened citizen of a free republic according as he has been raised.

In conclusion, let me cite you to a very old but admirably respectable work on the training of youth, a work which has never yet been improved upon to my perceptible degree, although many attempts have been made in that direction—I allude to the holy scriptures. Read the entire work carefully from Genesis to Revelation, particularly Proverbs. Take notes, and you will notice that human nature is exactly the same to-day as it was when those remarks were first written.—WEST WIND, Elmdale, Chase county, Kansas.

Inquiries.

My little boy had large, hard lumps on both sides of his neck, below the ear. Will some kind reader please tell what will cure them?—MRS. R. C. JOHNSON.

Will some of the sisters please tell me how to root a silver leaf ivy? Also, what to do for my calla lily, the lower leaves of which die as soon as the new ones come up? What will kill slugs on plants?—ALLIE M. D.

I am very anxious to learn where I can procure fish scales for ornamental work? I understand the stringing with wire, but where can I get the scales?—MORNING STAR, Spivey, Kansas.

Will some one send directions for a pretty chir tidy, that is to be crocheted?—B. E. JOHNSON.

Will some one please send directions for making rugs out of scraps of eggs. How can poor people in the country make articles that will look home-like and attractive?—MRS. R. C. JOHNS.

Can any kind reader of the BLADE, tell of a sure remedy that will cure sore eye-lids? The lashes grows on but they fall off again, something to keep the lashes from falling off. Also what good medicine to take for the blood?—JESSIE B.

Can some member of the HOUSEHOLD give, through its columns, directions for a knitted pincushion or knitted cushions of any kind? If they can do so they will oblige, a twenty years' reader of the BLADE.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please give directions for crocheting star stitch?—CALLIA JONES.

Will "Moss Rose" write the correct way of taking care of a young babe, to have it grow and be well and healthy? Our physician told me not to let my baby nurse any oftener than every three hours, and he cries nearly all the time during the day. I think sometimes maybe he is hungry.—MRS. EMMA LUDWIG, Windfall, Tipton Co., Ind.

Will some one explain how to do rib crochet?—ANNIE GUTHRIE, Alto Pass, Ill.

Will some one please send me a recipe for water crackers, such as can be bought in the Eastern stores, and oblige?—M. L. C.

Will some one please tell how to clean zinc so it will look like new? Also how to make taffy like that you buy?—AMY

Can any one inform me where I can get the recipe for making "Balm of Roses?" I have been told it is one of the best preparations for beautifying the complexion manufactured, and that it is both cheap and harmless. Please answer through the columns of the BLADE.—MINNIE BLAKE.

Can any one inform me how hair waves, or frizzes, are fastened on to the netting, or where can I find out? I know considerable about hair work, but failed to learn how to make those or rather how they are fastened on to the netting.—EMMA S. N.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Mattie," it would be perfectly proper for either lady or gentleman to speak of the hour and ask if it is time to start. We would advise you to send to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get "Social Etiquette," which only costs a dollar, and will give you much useful information in regard to the usages of society.—ED.

In answer to a recent request in BLADE for recipe for chapped hands I send two recipes below, either of which is good:

1. Glycerine, 1 oz.; rose water, 1 oz.; bay rum, 1 oz.; mix. This toilet water is very superior.

2. Dissolve a scruple of tannic acid in two ounces of glycerine, and apply to hands at night. Will make hands smooth and soft.—MRS. L. C. ESTES, Ruma, Ill.

If W. J. Elliott wants good mucilage take 1 teaspoonful of alum, dissolve in hot water. When cold stir in flour enough to make it like cream, carefully stirring out all lumps, then stir in as much powdered resin as will lay on a dime; add six cloves. Put into another vessel a teacunful of boiling water, set it over the fire and pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time. It will soon be like mush. When cool put it in a fruit jar, cover and keep it in a cool place. For use, soften in warm water. It will keep a year, and will NOT blister nor stain through.—MRS D. HOLLENBACK.

To "M. E. H." in BLADE of January 3, I would say that for an asthmatic a change of climate is of decided benefit, always providing that the change is made to the kind of climate required for a benefit. A change to a lower altititude is a positive injury, while to a higher, dryer one, it is always a relief—sometimes a cure. I speak from a lifetime of experience, and of a change of climate from the state of Ohio to Illinois; after a few years there, with very little benefit, then to Iowa; then I was free one year, tried Kansas, which almost killed me, and finally, in the spring of 1875, came to this place, when Colorado was yet a territory, and for ten years have enjoyed the best of health, and have blessed the day I first came here. A great many others here could testify to this same benefit in their own cases.—M. M. T.

Canning apples, and have them white, can be easily done by first washing them, and after paring do not wet, but can immediately. For 1 qt. use 2 cupfuls of white sugar and ⅝ of a cupful of water; let boil, then put in fruit with a little sliced lemon.

If the lady will wash her brown dress in egg water (1 well-beaten egg to pail of warm water) and rinse in same with a trifle of gum arabic dissolved in boiling water, she will be pleased. Use no soap. This is also nice for all black wash goods.

To "A Reader of the BLADE:" The kind of paper used for making paper flowers is French tissue paper, and can be obtained at any fancy goods store for two cents a sheet.—JESSIE.

If the lady who wanted star fish and coral will write me, perhaps I can help her, as I have a fine cabinet, and have a few duplicate specimens of minerals, red and white coral, lucky teeth of codfish and East India shells that I could spare her, as I only want one specimen of a kind. Had she given her full address in the BLADE, I would have written direct to her.—FRANCIS B., Box 126, West Branch, Ogemaw Co., Mich.

I wish to say to Willie Lesh: Eat charcoal for sick headache. Coals out of your wood stove are as good as any. Do not stop at a little. If it is not too disagreeable keep it in your mouth and chew it all the time for weeks. If you can not bear it that way, pulverize and take it in water or milk, a tablespoonful three or four times a day. When white vests were to go to bed in a dark room, lie with the head on straw and keep a cloth wet with hot (not tepid) water on the head till sleep is induced. Do not get up until you have slept long and feel refreshed. If you try this, and I hope you will, let us hear from you in a few weeks.—C. O. L., Ossian, Ind.

Flax seed is a sure cure for salt rheum. Make a tea of it, drink freely; wet with a tea of it and bathe the parts affected. Two or three times a week take a dose of Rochelle salts and cream tartar mixed in cold water. Sweet elder bark with sweet cream or butter makes a good ointment, but hog's fat is bad for humors of the blood. Mrs. F. Benjamin had better cleanse her child's blood with a drink made of red clover blows or green osier bark or spotted alder bark. Keep on using flax seed tea for drink and bathe for six months if necessary. If the above ingredients can be had, one's blood can be doctored by a mother as well as to pay an M. D. Cleanse dish and put in fresh flax seed as often as the strength is out, which will be when on renewing water the tea ceases to be ropy.—MRS. E. BURGDORF.

Recipes.

Griddle Cakes.—I would like to tell the HOUSEHOLD how I make griddle cakes without eggs. Use sweet milk and soda instead of sour milk, and beat the batter a few minutes. Make the batter as stiff as you would with eggs.—ANNA L. WELLS, Gallup, New Mexico.

Good Cake.—To "Subscriber," that wants a recipe for cake that will keep: 1 lb. butter and 1 lb. sugar beaten to a cream; 1 lb. flour; the grated rind and juice of a lemon; nine eggs; 1¼ lbs. almonds, before they are cracked; ½ lb. citron, and ¾ lb. raisins. Beat the yolks light, add sugar and butter, then the whites to a stiff froth, and the flour, reserving a part for the fruit, and, lastly, the nuts blanched, cut fine and mixed with fruit and the rest of flour. This is very delicious, and will keep for mouths.—MRS. D. H.

Tutti Fruitti.—One qt. of rich cream, 1½ ozs. of sweet almonds; chopped fine; ½ lb. sugar; freeze and when sufficiently congealed add ½ lb. of preserved fruits, with a few white raisins chopped, and finely sliced citron. Cut the fruit small and mix well with the cream. Freeze like ice cream. Keep on ice until required.—MRS. L. W.

A Nice Tea Dish.—Make a short sweetened pie crust, roll thin, and partly bake in sheets; before it is quite done take from the oven, cut in squares of four inches or so, take up two diagonal corners and pinch together, which makes them basket-shaped, now fill with cream prepared as for ice cream, or both, well sweetened and flavored, and return to the oven for a few minutes.—MARY B.

Chili Sauce.—Six large ripe tomatoes, 4 green peppers, 1 onion, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of salt, 1½ cupfuls of strong vinegar; chop peppers and onions; boil one hour.

Orange Snow.—An ounce of isinglass is dissolved in a pint of boiling water, it is then strained and allowed to stand until it is nearly cold. Now mix with it the juice of six or seven oranges with one lemon. Add the whites of three eggs and sugar to taste. Whisk the whole together until it looks white and like a sponge. Put it into a mold, and turn it out on the following day.

To Make Blackberry Wine.—Measure your berries in a peck measure; wash them up well; then add one quart of cold soft water for every gallon of berries; soak from ten to twelve hours; then strain it well through a piece of white flannel, pressing all the juice out. Put the wine into a vessel large enough to hold it all; measure by the gallon; then add three pounds of granulated sugar to every gallon of the wine. Let it set from ten to twelve hours; skim off the foam, strain it again, and put it in demijohns; cork it up loose until it ferments. When done fermenting, cork it up tight and let it set for six months. It is ready for use; keep it from getting too cold, but never heat it, as it gives it a bitter taste.—MRS. S. M. HENDERSON.

Golden Cream Cake.—Cream 1 cupful of sugar and ¼ cupful of butter together; ½ cupful of sweet milk, the well-beaten white of 3 eggs, 1 cupfuls of flour, with ½ teaspoonful of soda and 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar sifted in the flour. Bake in three deep jelly tins. For the the jelly, beat very light the yolks of 2 eggs and 1 cupful of sugar, white, and 2 tablespoonfuls of sweet, rich cream; flavor with vanilla and spread on cakes.—MAGGIE.

Soiled Velvet.—Soiled velvet can be redressed successfully, by placing a wet cloth on the face of a hot iron; with one hand draw the velvet over this steaming cloth, with the other brush the velvet well.—MRS. L. Y.

The following liniment was sent for insertion in the BLADE with a long letter, last October, in which the writer stated that it was impossible for her to send it to each one who had written to her for it, but asking that it should be published for the benefit of all. It was laid one side to be used when there was space, and overlooked until now. The liniment is for rheumatism and the lady sending it seems to be very sure of its excellence. It cannot be made until June but the recipe can be preserved until that time:

Walnut Liniment.—Take the walnuts when half grown, which is in June. Slice very thin, seed and all, saving the water that is in them; put all in ½ gallon jar, filling it nearly full, pour in coal oil till covered, let stand six weeks, when oil will have drawn all substance out of walnuts; take them out, add ½ oz. camphor gum. Let it stand until dissolved. You will have 1 qt. liniment. Bottle. Directions—Shake well. Bathe two or three times per day, by fire if convenient. Rub downward 5 or 10 minutes.—MRS. J. L. EVANS.

To Cure Catarrh.—As several have asked how to cure or relieve catarrh, I will give my remedy, which is a very simple one. Snuff sweet oil two or three times a day and at night before retiring. It can be flavored with a few drops of essence of cinnamon or other pleasant flavors, and if it does not cure, it will certainly relieve.—SUNSET.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BIG PRAIRIE, O.	FULTON, O.	ACKLEY STATION,
Lyons C Pearce	Carrie E Dick	PA.
Nettie Quick	Nannie Walker	John M Fellows
Kittie Quick	Imo Smith	Mary M Sears
Estie Newkirk	Grace Smith	STEAMBURG, N. Y.
Jessie Porter	Kittie M Buck	Walter Stevens
Odie Newkirk	Mattie Sipe	Floyd Stevens
Martha Naylor	Arthur A Smith	RUSSELL, PA.
Maud Bell	John Emswiler	Almond Fox
Effie Anderson	C W Gardner	Perry H Johnson
Jessie Lynn	Daisy Smith	Claire Fox
Emma Metcalf	Nellie Sipe	Alice L Fox
Allie Hider	Mary Walker	Guy B Fox
Ada Woodhull	Orrie Cunard	Lena E Fox
Charley Naylor	Jesse Stock	SYRACUSE, KAN.
Sherman Miley	Sammy Sipe	Hattie Baking
Olive Woodhull	Willie Walker	Minnie Mercer
Maud Aylsworth	Charley Craven	Bertie H Baker
Belle Corry	Geo Ambrook	Wm R Baker
Minnie Brown	Bennie Blessing	Geo Meyer
Eva Rainey	Leonard Blessing	CARSON, IA.
Willie Brock	Willie Sipe	Willie D Fernon
Ella Rainey	Grace Cunard	NEW HAVEN, PA.
Burt Kerr	Ralph Hiskett	Arthur J Treed
Clarence Canan	Jennie Blessing	WYOMING,
Harry Canan	Lizzie Fulton	Minnie Farrell
Bert Anderson	Ella Powell	Fannie Tompkins
Nettie Aldrich	May Ambrook	Ed Barrows
Mary Merkel	Lilah Jones	Josie Farrell
E Aylsworth	Carrie Jones	Arthur Barrows
Elmer Rose	Ella M Emswiler	Wm Hooper, IND.
Clyde Aylsworth	NORA, NEB.	Roscoe S Shaw
Bert Lake	Jesse McKinney	BORNTOWN, KY.
Allie Rainey	Mary McKinney	Ethel Durham
Bennett Scrubey	J L McKinney	Charlie Jeffries
Frank Aylsworth	Elmer McKinney	PERRYVILLE, KY.
Eugene McKinney	Minnie McKinney	Edward Elliott
Tommy Reynolds	Addie Coles	BEAVER CREEK,
Chas Metcalf	Annie Coles	ILL.
Geo Gray	Ben Brady	Miles Anderson
Louis Eddy	Marshall Brady	Bennie Fortin
Cabbage Pocock	John Koken	Chas Fortin
Lee Newkirk	Harry Koken	Jay Sanders
Annie Touck	Fred Brady	G W Fortin
Joe Uncle	Dottie Jordan	S E Durham
Allie Bunting	Katie Jordan	Ed Thompson
Ruth Eddy	May Hatcher	Dicy Thompson
Hall Merkel	Lily Dillon	Hattie Hall
LYONS, NEB.	Rosa Dillon	Fink Durham
Dell B Ruscoe	Lizzie Dillon	Harry Goodson
Frank M Ruscoe	Jacob Dillon	Ed Sander
Lucretia Sanger	GU G Dillon	Thos Sander
Lissie Hockett	WillieKemmerer	Anna Sander
Ethel Titus	Edna Witting	Nettie Sander
Maud Russell	Rosa Jordan	Annie Geske
Charl'te Knowles	Henry Brady	Mary Friensley
Myra Barber	Edward Brady	TURTLE LAKE,
Rosa Knowls	Earl Dillon	Ida Thompson
Lulu I Stewart	Jessie McKinney	Nellie DeLong
Anna Stewart	LUANA, IA.	NEOGA, ILL.
Nellie McMillen	Flora Askew	Martin L Woods
Lizzie Frey	Minnie Ernest	Nellie I. Woods
Lizzie Watkins	Edith Ernest	MADISON, NEB.
Charlie V Shannon	Lulu Dunning	Katie Blomenshorn
Sam G Titus	Lulu Cathout	Cora Wagner
Tommy Barber	Harvey Cathout	Ridgely Wagner
Isaac McMillen	Lee Cathout	BLOOMINGTON, MICH.
Bertie Williams	Belle Lamborn	D F Anderson
Frank E Royer	Lily Stocker	L H Rossan
Seagoers, IND.	Joana Banning	RAGTOWN, PA.
Grant Thornton	Sarah Dunning	Geo S Wilder
Russell Gillum	Leverett Dunning	BUSHING, MICH.
Willard Gillum	Lulu Dunning	Hattie Gallarshorn
Julia Sharpe	Bert Warn	UNIONTOWN, PA.
Nettie Sharpe	OSWEGO, KAN.	Hulda M Collins
Coler D Nelson	Lee Williams	Jas H Collins
Freddie Chapm'n	BEDFORD, IND.	LUCAS, IA.
Harley Lewis	Jas W Batman	C B Foster
Ed Chapman	S Bodenhamer	Viola S Torter
Mandie Rock	Robt Owens	
Charley Bromley	Oden Stafford	

Names this week, 210. Total, 17,751.

The above embraces all names received up to January 15.

A BABY'S FAITH.

CLARA F. BOSS.

"Only a handbill! Prossie!"
And the lady's fingers slight,
Took from the waiting servant's hand
The tiny missive white;
One careless glance at its contents,
And she tossed it in the air;
It slipped through the open casement,
Without her thought or care.

Circling, floating, fluttering down,
It sought the dusty street,
And dropped, as soft as the snowflake,
At a baby's pattering feet.
The little one caught the paper
With a cry of glad surprise,
And lifted to the blue of heaven
A pair of heavenly eyes.

"'Tis a letter from my mamma,
I know," the baby said,
"God has sent it down from heaven,
Where she went when she was dead,
Read it, nurse," the babe commanded;
But the nurse's eyes were dim.
Not for her to read the message
That his mother sent to him.

But the baby kissed his treasure;
He could "read between the lines,"
And the nurse and sunny paper
Bore a word from fairer climes.
So the lady's careless fingers
Tossed a message to his heart,
Which, in all the years of childhood,
Bore a not forgotten part.

JUST IN TIME.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

No one was quite sure who owned Wildwood Cottage—whether it was the Rushes or the Thrushes. To be sure the Rushes came to it when the days began to grow long and warm, but the Thrushes came when April violets and soft showers first made the grass both blue and green. And what a chatter there was in the vines that ran riot over that roof! Busy little housekeeping birds twittered and sang and flashed bright wings in and out—but Teddie and Tudie Rush could talk and sing and whistle just as fast as the birds, and they had almost as much to do, for never did a trio of children have so many family cares. There was Towser, to begin with. He had to be taken to the creek for a swim every day, to keep his glossy coat in fine order. Then there were guinea pigs to be fed, rabbit hutches to be cleaned, chickens to be let loose, canaries to be looked after, kittens up in the barn loft, and calves underneath—not to mention the new pigs. Tom said he really had no time for anything.

That was the way he came to leave so much to Teddie and Tudie. It was all very well to romp with Towser and show off the guinea pigs and whistle to the birds, but when it came to attending to all their wants it was tiresome.

So Master Tom lolled in the hammock, while his small brother and sister did his as well as their own share of work. But the summer days flitted by, and school time was approached. The rabbits were sold, so were the guinea pigs, the canaries were carried in their gilded chariots to the city, and Towser had to be taken to the stables.

Wildwood Cottage was now given up to the birds, and even they went south, all but the little winter chickadees, that seem to think snow a fluffy sort of down made for their especial amusement.

One cold, dark day Tom came running home in great haste to get his dinner. He was very cold and very hungry, and when he had finished he said to Trudie:

"Here's a lot of chicken bones for the cat."

"What cat?" said Trudie.

"Why, old Brown Bess," said Tom.

"I've never seen her since the day we left the country," said Trudie.

"You don't say so! Why, what has become of her?"

"Don't you remember?"

"No."

"Oh, Tom! When the house was being locked up, papa said you were to take Bess to the city, and you promised to."

"No; I remember now. I forgot all about her. But she is a good mouser."

"There are no mice at Wildwood; she drove them all away."

"So she did. Well, I guess she's all right, anyhow."

"She may have starved by this time," said Trudie, reproachfully. And then she left Tom cuddled up in a big chair by a warm, blazing fire.

Presently Tom's head nodded; it sank away down on his breast, and was in this position when Tom thought he heard a cat mewing. He opened his eyes and looked about him, but seeing nothing, down went his head again. Again came a most distressed cry, which said, almost as plainly as words, "Oh, how hungry I am."

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

C. A. GRAVES, Westfield, Ill., wishes to know through the BLADE FARM the best way to make Switzer cheese; also the best process for making Limberger cheese. Will some one who thoroughly understands how to make the above send a communication to the BLADE FARM on the subject.—ED.]

JAMES PORTEUS, Missouri: A good way to toughen a horses hooves is to wash them frequently in strong brine, and turn brine upon the bottoms, soaking a few minutes each time.—ED.]

H. M. CATES, Carrier Mills, Ill.: If your horse has not at some time been foundered, resulting in pumiced foot or seedy toe, the brittleness you speak of may be remedied by the following: Have a tin or earthern vessel standing in the stable, out of the way of your horse; let it contain, say, a gallon, more or less; every morning let it be filled with chamber lye, a stalk about three feet long, with some rags fastened at the end put in it. With this swab your horses' feet frequently—a dozen times a day will not be too much—keeping them stopped with cow droppings or flaxseed meal Feed cooling food, and in a few weeks your horse's feet will be sound.—ED.

C. S. B., Black Walnut, Mo.: The swelling of the sheath of your horse is caused by natural secretions accumulating in excess, or decomposing, or both. Where a case is allowed to run too long, the services of a veterinary are necessary. Ordinarily a cure may be affected by giving a mild physic, say sixteen ounces of raw linseed oil, two drachms of oil of aniseed, and two ounces of spirits of sweet nitre, after which wash out the sheath twice a day with warm soap and water. Syringe with chlorate of zinc, one drachm; water, one pint, if there are granulations. This may give some pain, but is necessary to cure.—ED.

SUBSCRIBER, Edgan, Neb.: Farcy is a scrofulous disease, the most common cause being inoculation of glanders or farcy poison, or propagation of through the air of the poison. It is considered certain that both glanders and farcy are produced by the same poison. There are two forms of farcy, acute and chronic. A horse with acute farcy should be killed at once, as he is as dangerous as one with glanders. The milder cases of chronic farcy may be cured. Nourishing food and tonics are indispensible. Give sulphate of copper and iodine, of each one drachm, in a pint of water, to the horse twice daily. If there are running sores wash them with a ten per cent. solution of carbolic acid. Touch the swelling with a stick of lunar caustic.—ED.]

MASSENA J. MCMILLAN, McMillan Postoffice, Col.:—Your mare, we think, has an attack of rheumatism. Give this night and morning for two days: Nitrate of potash, ½ an oz.; powdered colchicum, 1 drm.; oil of turpentine, ½ an oz. This is to be mixed with linseed oil and given at one dose. Keep the animal in a moderate temperature and blanketed. Do not bleed or give a purge.—ED.]

William Potterfield:—An excellent light tonic after debilitating illness in a horse is, citrate of iron and magnesia, 6 drms.—ED.]

X. Y. Z., Chardon, Iowa: [Your young mare, no doubt, had an attack of strangles, the result of which is the swelling and running sore beween her jaws. The case has run so long that the swelling has become piped. Begin by poulticing well for a day or two with linseed meal or other poultice, after which an incision must be made and it is part syringed with a solution of 2 drms. zinc to 1 pint water, 1 quart. No hasty attempt to heal should be made, as nature will do this in good season if the sore is prepared for the permanent healing process. The incision should be sufficiently large so that the part may be syringed freely. It would be well if you had a veterinary to do it—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

ARABIAN HORSE TAMER'S SECRET.—Take oil of cumin, oil of rhodium, and horse castor. Keep separate in air tight bottles. Rub in a little of the oil of cumin on your hand and approach the horse on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will then let you come up to him without trouble. Rub a little with your hand gently on the horse's nose. He will then follow you. Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf sugar or apple. Get a few drops of the rhodium on his tongue and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

EVERLASTING WOOD FENCE POSTS.—The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rotten.—A. C. PHINNEY, Fife Lake, Mich.

Directions for Draining.

ED. BLADE FARM:—There is on nearly every farm some piece of land, perhaps it may be a natural hollow near the building, where the water is dammed in for a part of the season by higher land where the wash and dried leaves have accumulated for years. Such a piece is eminently suited for underdraining. Sometimes by digging and maintaining a large open ditch through this highland, into which other covered ditches may run, a natural outlet would be formed, and thus secure the most perfect drainage at a simple expense. This open ditch should be dug quite wide at the top, narrowing down gradually to the bottom, and should be looked after every year, keeping it a little deeper than the drains run into it. Often times, in fact in nine cases, surface drains can be run into this open ditch made by plowing the land into beds, which will answer a very good purpose, but forall hoed, especially where it is desirable to work the land early, thorough underrining would be advisable where the land is deep enough to require it. As to the best material to be used for underdraining, that would be somewhat doubtful. Possibly stones may be used to advantage in some locations, or logs of wood with holes running through them lengthwise, or three strips of boards, nailed together in a triangular form and covered in bottom of the ditch, have been known to do good work for many years. But where tile can be obtained almost as cheaply as in most locations, there is no doubt it is every way the best.

I prefer to drain land in August, September or October. I do not think it judicious to commence work later in the year. Underdraining should be commenced and prosecuted in a dry time, finishing it up as quickly as possible. In the commencement look over carefully the piece to be drained, using judgment and common sense in locating the ditches. The outlet must be the lowest point, and the main ditches should be through the lowest land. The laterals should enter the main ditches in the direction of the outlet, and no two should be placed opposite. The distance apart will depend upon circumstances. On moist or moderately wet land, for grass or other field crops, 30, 40 or even 50 feet will do; but on wet, retentive land, designed for valuable stock or chance vegetables, 15, 20 to 25 feet apart would be necessary.

If a piece to be drained is large and nearly level, it would be better to employ an engineer with leveling instruments, and have the depth to be dug marked on stakes all over the piece. Although a very slight fall will do, even two inches to the hundred feet, yet it is always best to have more if possible.

For long ditches, a plow can frequently be used to advantage, even the second and third time. In the vicinity of Geneva, N. Y., where the land is very generally underdrained—not only for nursery and other purposes, but also for ordinary field crops—a buck plow, something similar to our old subsoil—is used for loosening the soil to the depth of two or three feet, and in that way large fields are drained to the depth of four feet at a cost of $40 an acre.

I should not use a plow in striking out, but should cut by a line not over twenty inches wide, if the soil was firm enough to stand at that width; if the soil was of a loose texture, the cut might need to be started two feet or more in width. The good soil should be thrown on one side, and the bottom soil on the other. My rule would be four feet deep, sometimes more, sometimes less. I should not order the men to dig to the full depth at first, but have a competent man to do the true grade afterwards. My implements would be a long, sharp spade for marking out, best crown-pointed, long-handled shovels, and the very best heavy picks, well sharpened up. With good, experienced diggers, the ditch ought not to cost, ready for the tile, over fifty cents per rod. Often times I put the men to narrow in the ditches as they go down, but keep the sides nearly perpendicular to within nine or ten inches of the bottom.—J. D. LEISURE.

Wants the Opinion of Some Breeder of Milch Cows.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—We would be obliged to some breeder of milch stock to give us his experience as to the best breed of milch cows for dairy purposes, and especially the Jersey breed—how I may tell by especial marks a full blood Jersey. Is there any difference in the Jersey and Alderney? Has a Jersey any other colored horns than black? How about the Holstien and Devonshire?—SUBSCRIBER, Ralubelt, Kan.

Care of Calves and Colts.

In order that last spring's calves and colts should go on grass in the spring, good feeding and shelter from now until that time is most important. Merely hay and corn are not adapted to either health, vigor, or large growth. Something as oats or bran, or a little oil meal, should enter the ration, that the muscles, bones and nerves have material for growth. Foods that merely fatten are not sufficient for the whole ration. Should these young animals begin to look rough and poor something is most certainly wrong, and the matter should have immediate attention. A backset now will not only give the animal less weight in the spring, but the final loss in the mature animal will be several times the amount which is lost the first year.

Calves or colts coming out in the spring rough, or poor, perhaps lousy and diseased, have much less power to make profits out of pasture grass, than have the sleek robust yearlings that have been well housed and fed during the winter. Profits can hardly be expected from the winter feeding of a baby elephant which he had introduced in the family as a playmate for his children. Young Bobbo was about four months old, and about four feet high. His education was a matter which called for no small amount of care and patience on the part of his master.

To begin with, Bobbo had no idea of the wickedness of taking what did not belong to him. He was fond of cake and sweetments, and no amount of covering up and hiding seemed able to prevent that flexible trunk from poking into all kinds of holes and corners, and taking what he found to his liking. Fruit he considered a great luxury, and he was often found making off with a bunch of bananas that would have supplied the family for a week. When Bobbo was a year old he was put to the task of drawing a small cart Usually he behaved well, but sometimes, when anything displeased him he would land cart, contents and driver in a ditch, and then look on placidly while his unlucky freight got out of the scrape the best way he could. Bobbo's education was continued for three years, and when his owner was obliged to return to his native country, the parting between Bobbo and the little folks was a very sad one.

Minneapolis Mills.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 20.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: The flour product for the week ending January 14 was 18,2500 barrels, an average of 18,880 barrels daily, against 146,570 barrels the previous week, and 72,366 barrels for the corresponding week in 1886. The twelve mills in operation to-day are turning out 16,500 barrels. The flour market is dull and quiet, though prices are held up. Direct exports last week were 37,600 barrels.

Notes.

Don't make your horse's mouth sore with too severe a bit. This often causes a horse to become balky.

A few days' hard work when out of condition will injure a horse more than a month's usage when all right.

A colt should be kept eating and growing and exercising and anything except fattening, as long as he has time assigned him by nature to grow.

If an old mare, that is, from 13 to 20 years of age, has been carefully treated and retains a sound nervous system, she may be expected to raise good colts.

For worms in horses the following remedy is recommended: Poplar bark, 6 ozs.; tartar emetic, 2 ozs.; mix and divide into eight parts, giving one part daily, in grain.

A horse does not get a full set of permanent teeth until he is five years old. Consequently he should never be put to continuous hard labor until he has reached that age.

Young horses that have not been accustomed to hard corn are very subject to lampas. Softer diet should replace corn when lampas appears. The bowels should be kept open. This can be done by giving food in the form of bran mashes. Laxative food is what is wanted.

Fruit Notes.

Maine is our foremost state in the exportation of apples.

Keep the ground about newly-set fruit trees clean and mellow for a distance of at least six feet from the trees.

Mr. Jewett, of Iowa, has discovered a dewberry that will stand a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. It is an excellent berry and very productive—a better berry than the Lucretia.

Heavy winds that shake off a great deal of fruit do not always diminish the yield, for what is left grows larger, sometimes so much superior in size and appearance as to overbalance apparent loss.

It is said there are over 2,000 varieties of the apple cultivated in Europe, its growth extending from 58 to 60 degrees, though the best fruit is grown between the 38th parallel and the 42d.

Prof. Budd says that the buffalo berry which is very abundant on the Missouri river, fruits abundantly if the stemmate and pistilate plants are intermingled in hedge row or group. The fruit is used on the frontier, but it is not as valuable as the best currants.

The bark of the apple tree has a sweetish taste which is very attractive to mice in winter. They are, however, very timid and will not eat unless protected by weeds, rubbish or snow banks around the tree, and all danger is avoided by earthing around the stem high as the probable snow line. If snow comes before this is done pack snow around the tree, looking at it occasionally to see that the snow does not melt around the stem, leaving a depression in which the mice can work.

Elephants as Pets.

In India, an elephant of small size is a very usual household pet. Not long ago an English gentleman living in the Punjaub, wrote to an English journal an account of a baby elephant which he had introduced in the family as a playmate for his children. Young Bobbo was about four months old, and about four feet high. His education was a matter which called for no small amount of care and patience on the part of his master.

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CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

REV. DR. TALMAGE UPON RELIGION.

Get Aboard the Gospel Ship, if Only by a Plank—Come in on the New Testament, if You Reject the Old—Take Matthew or Luke if You Do Not Like the Romans.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 16.—For many years the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the largest Protestant church in America, has been thronged twice on the Sabbath, every available inch occupied, even the aisles, pulpit stairs and doorways, and multitudes going away unable to get in. Dr. Talmage recently announced to his congregation that if the present building could be sold for an academy of music, another church, one holding 10,000 people, would be erected.

The subject of the sermon was "Broken Pieces of the Ship," and the text, Acts xxvii., 14: "Some on Broken Pieces of the Ship." Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:

Never off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras was a ship in worse predicament than in the Mediterranean hurricane was the grain ship, on which 276 passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island called Citta Vecchia. After a two weeks' tempest and the ship was entirely disabled and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscared man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean Sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors; aye, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, and took in the two paddles that they had on these old boats, and hoisted the main sail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high on the beach on some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now rolling over the starboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arm a mast, he cries: "All is well. God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes and into the waves 276 immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the sea-shore and had learned to swim, and with their chins just above the waves and by a stroke of both arms and propulsion of both feet they put out for the beach and reached it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-sickness.

Oh, what will become of them! "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that table." "Take that image of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the life-boat." "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore, keep up your courage! Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There another plank comes in with a life clinging fast to it. There another piece of the shattered vessel with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes; there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

Gather them around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the bundle of sticks begin to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and their wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the passengers see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that was plunged into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety as we read: "Some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass they all escaped safe to land."

Having on previous occasions looked at the other passengers, I confine myself today to an examination of those who came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore, as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer, and two miles are not. But I can not stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship. The great Gospel ship is the finest vessel of the universe, and can carry more passengersthan any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God. Now, I put his sea-glass to his blind eye, and said: "I really do not see the signal." O, my hearer, put this field-glass of the gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and He is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. Last month the steamship Kickerbocker of the Cromwell Line, running between New Orleans and here, was in great storms, and in the night we saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather was cold, the waves mountain high; the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a life-boat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times was upset and was righted, and a line was thrown to the poor fellows, but their hands and arms were frozen so they could not grasp it, and at last we saw two roll over the side, and they went down never to rise till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows we all can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out in a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge to bring us out of infinite everlasting woe? Upon the wave of human nature rolled over Him from one side, and the wave of hellish fury rolled over Him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

Come in on that one narrow beam—the beam of the cross. Let all else go and cling to that. Put that under you, and with the eagerness of a swimmer struggling for his life, put out for shore. There is a great warm fire of welcome already built, and already many who were as far out as you are are standing in its genial and heavenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are waiting out in the surf to clutch your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed prodigals of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the ship.

My sympathies are for such all the more because I was naturally skeptical, disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being further out to sea than any of the two hundred and seventy-six in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sometimes the annoyance of my theological profession because I asked so many questions. But I came in on a plank. I knew Christ was the Saviour of sinners, and that I was a sinner, and I got ashore, and I do not propose to go out o that sea again. I have not for thirty minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in thirty years. And during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for thirty seconds.

I would rather, in a mud-scow, try to weather the storm of a harbor overswept by rum from the Carribean than risk my own mortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on Ramsgate pier-head, from which the life-boats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different kinds of oar-locks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water, while a hurricane is in full blast, and there are steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is of one

WASHINGTON.

INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

The Bill Goes Through the House With a Rush.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—After the reading of the journal, the Speaker stated that the regular order was the vote upon the adoption of the conference report on the inter-state commerce bill.

Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, asked unanimous consent to have a separate vote on the fourth section, and Mr. Weaver, of Iowa, asked to have a separate vote on the commission feature; but Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, objected to both requests.

Mr. Dunham, of Illinois, moved to recommit the bill to the conference committee, and Mr. Crisp raised the point of order against that motion.

The Speaker knew of no rule which authorized the recommittal of a conference report, and sustained the point of order.

Mr. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, inquired whether there was any parliamentary proceeding by which these gentlemen who were embarrassed by having to vote for or against an important bill without having to divest it of its objectionable features, would be relieved of that embarrassment, but no suggestion to that end was made.

At 12:51 the House—yeas 219, nays 41—adopted the conference report on the inter-state commerce bill.

Those voting in the negative were Allen, (Mass.); Anderson, (Ohio); Bliss, Banhelle; Boyle, Bragg, Brown, Campbell, (Ohio); Caswell, Dibble, Ely, Evans, Felton, Findlay, Frederick, Gay, Gillfillan, Grossnor, Hayden, Hills, Johnson, (N. Y.); Kelley, Ketcham, Libby, Long, Markam, Martin, McKenna, Miller, Morrow, Oates, O'Neill, (Pa.); O'Neill, (Mo.); Ranney, Reed, (Me.); Rice, Seymour, Wadsworth, Waite, Weaver, (Iowa); Wheeler, (Ala.) Wright, (Pa.)

The bill, after enrolled and signed by the presiding officers of the two houses, will be sent to the President for his action.

American Fishermen.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Mr. Belmont, of New York, offered the following resolution in the House, which was referred to the committee on foreign affairs:

"That the President be requested to transmit to the House copies of such correspondence up to the present day between this government and the British government as he may decide can now properly be made public in regard to the deprivation inflicted in Canadian ports on American fishing vessels, having the right to touch and trade, of the liberty heretofore enjoyed by such vessels to enter Canadian ports open to foreign vessels, and buy and sell, and to transmit merchandise therein, and which is permitted in such ports to American trading vessels and to vessels of all other nations."

Capt. Reed's Sword.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—In the Senate, the presiding officer presented a communication from the President, with a letter from Sam C. Reed, offering to the nation the sword of his father, Capt. Reed, who commanded the privateer General Armstrong, at the battle of Fayal. The President suggests that action be taken for the acceptance of the gift. Ordered printed and laid on the table.

Death of Mrs. Voorhees.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Mrs. Voorhees, wife of Sen. Voorhees, died at the residence in this city at 5 o'clock this afternoon, of acute peritonitis. She was taken sick on Monday last with congestive chills, followed by inflammation of the bowels.

Her death was quiet and peaceful, and she passed away surrounded by all her immediate family, her husband, three grown sons, and one grown daughter. Mrs. Voorhees was born in Greencastle, Ind., in 1832, and was a daughter of Mr. Reese Hardesty, of that place. She was a member of St. John's Episcopal church, of this city, and was highly esteemed by those who knew her.

The National Board of Trade.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—In yesterday's session of the National board of Trade the following was adopted:

Whereas, Certain foreign governments are discriminating against the importation of American productions; and whereas, the business of this country requires a judicious revision of the tariff, therefore,

"Resolved, That we recommend such revision of our tariff laws as will tend to promote reciprocal trade relations with foreign nations, but always with the distinct aim to foster and encourage such of our own manufacturing industries as are of important benefit to the people at large."

A resolution asking Congress to prohibit state taxation of drummers traveling from state to state, was also adopted.

The House Wants to be Consulted.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—In the opinion of some members of the House, there is a question whether the Senate has the power to ratify the Hawaiian treaty without a concurrence from the House of Representatives. The provisions of the treaty affect the revenues, and when legislation is enacted bearing upon the subject it is held that the lower house must be consulted. The action of the Senate Thursday has brought out considerable expression of opinion from leaders of both parties in the House. The President probably will be appealed to for an opinion before he asserts the prerogatives of his office in connection with the treaty. It may result in an interesting contest between the two branches.

Alaska.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Mr. Henry W. Elliott, the agent in this city of the Alaska Commercial company, says that the published statement credited to Gov. Swineford, of Alaska, to the effect that the Alaska Commercial company has opposed the extension of the land laws to that territory, is without foundation in fact. The Alaska Commercial company, he says, does not desire to exercise and has not exercised any influence either for or against the extension of the land laws to the territory, but he believes it would be a good extension, because from his knowledge of Alaska, he believed it to be, as Gov. Swineford also believes it to be, necessary to the development and settlement of the country.

A Bond Call.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—The secretary of the treasury gives notice that the principal and accrued interest of bonds herein below designated will be paid at the treasury of the United States, Washington, on March, 1887, and that interest on said bonds will cease on that day, viz.: 3 per cent. bonds issued under the act of Congress approved July 12, 1882, and numbered as follows: $50, original No. 26 to 46, inclusive; $100, original No. 375 to original No. 582, inclusive; $500, original No. 163 to original No. 245, inclusive; $1,000, original No. 1,321 to original No. 2,016 inclusive; $1,000, original No. 3,059 to original No. 5,375 inclusive. Total, $13,887,000.

Parties holding bonds called by the circular can obtain immediate payment with interest to date of presentation by requesting the same in a letter forwarding the bonds for redemption.

There are now exactly $40,000,000 of uncalled 3 per cent. bonds outstanding.

Important Event.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—A daughter was born to Sec. and Mrs. Whitney this morning. The mother and child are doing finely.

SHOCKING REVELATIONS.

A Statement by the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Mr. Colquitt, in presenting a petition from the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the District of Columbia to the Senate, said that he assumed no responsibility for the startling facts revealed in the petition, but he did answer for the pure motives and high character of those who laid it before the Senate. The petition was bold and aggressive, and challenged investigations of the facts. It was the pleas which mothers and wives made to "this body of grave and reverend seigrors" for protection against such an excess of vice and lawlessness as should not only alarm but humiliate the Senate. They could never disregard the voice of woman raised in behalf of social purity and public virtue. He asked that the petition he read at length and referred to the District committee.

The petition was read. It charges the commissioners of the District of Columbia with disregarding the purity, safety and moral interests of the people, and assents that, in their violation of the law, they have been for months past permitting and protecting gambling halls, pool rooms and drinking establishments, as well as dens of prostitution and vice, and giving numerous particulars.

It charges that a house owned by one of the commissioners is used as an office by the agent of the Louisiana State Lottery, and that Frank Hume, the president of the Liquor Dealers' association, is a bondsman of one of the commissioners. It therefore prays for a thorough investigation of the facts and for the proper enforcement of the law and protection of homes within the district.

Mr. Hawley remarked that the petition just read was a tremendous indictment and a shocking revelation, and suggested that Mr. Colquitt should accompany it with a resolution calling for an immediate and severe investigation.

Mr. Colquitt said he did not feel it incumbent on him to make a suggestion to the committee. He did not doubt that the committee would be in full sympathy with any movement to redress these heinous offenses, and would suggest proper measures of redress.

Women Who Are Curious.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—By order of the marshal, the women were to-day excluded from the court room where the Emmons lunacy trial is in progress. On many occasions during the progress of the case the women present have indulged in such noisy manifestations of sympathy with Mrs. Emmons' cause as to call forth yesterday a very positive protest from the opposing counsel, the justice of which the marshal recognized by issuing the order excluding women from the room.

Soon after Lawyer Kent arrived this morning he was handed a note which read as follows:

"MR. KENT:—There are a few ladies here who want to be admitted to the court room and promise to remain perfectly quiet during the proceedings. We appeal to you to ask the marshal to admit us, fully appreciating the patience and gallantry which you have shown under very trying circumstances.

"WOMEN WHO ARE CURIOUS."

The proceedings opened, however, without any appeal being made to the marshal on behalf of the gentle sex.

Protection Democrats.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The Protection Democrats completed consideration last night of a bill to reduce the surplus revenue. It wipes out the tax on tobacco and Weiss beer, and also the license tax on dealers in whisky. The duty on steel rails is reduced $18. It is expected that the customs sections of the bill will effect a reduction of about $10,000,000, and that the total reduction of revenue made by the bill will be from $55,000,000 to $60,000,000.

A STARTLING STORY.

How Young Girls Are Inveigled Into the Michigan Lumber Regions.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 21.—A startling story of depravity and vice was laid before the House Judiciary committee, yesterday, by Representative Bartlett Breen, of Menominee. Mr. Breen has been investigating for some time the manner in which young girls were inveigled from Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Canadian cities into the lumber regions of the upper peninsula. A revolting state of things has been unearthed.

"There is perhaps no other place in the country," said Mr. Breen, "where such a state of depravity exists. In new settlements the trade in young girls has come to be an established business. Advertisements and cunning devices are used in coaxing working girls from their homes. The girls are kept in rough board shanties by the dozen. There are a dozen or more in each place. A system of fines is in vogue, by which the poor wretches are kept constantly in debt to the overseer. If a girl does not get a man to drink, she is fined. If she does not get him to dance, she is fined. Dogs are kept to guard against the girls running away."

In one case, which had been fully investigated, a girl escaped after being shot in the leg, and took refuge in a swamp. The dogs were let loose on her trail, and she was finally hunted down and taken back to the den.

He personally investigated the way in which a Chicago girl of undoubted respectability was kidnaped. She was decoyed from an honorable life by an advertisement offering large wages in a boarding house. When she had nearly reached her destination, she for the first time learned the horrible life she was going to, and sought to turn back, but was compelled by force to go on.

In order to stop this inhuman traffic, Reps. Breen and Thompson, of Delta, are urging two measures. In these efforts they are seconded by Circuit Judge Grant, of Houghton, and by the public opinion of the upper peninsula.

THE WORKINGMEN'S PLATFORM.

Civil Service a Humbug—Senators Should be Elected on a State Ticket.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 22.—At yesterday's session of the Workingmen's Assembly the following resolutions, among others, were presented and referred: Declaring civil service a delusion and a farce, and demanding of Congress to repeal the law; requesting the legislature to enact a law providing that stone used in public buildings should be dressed and cut in the state; demanding the repeal of the conspiracy section of the code so far as it relates to workingmen; making it a penal offense for employers to force their help to sign an agreement not to join any labor organization.

Resolved, That the Workingmen's Assembly of New York do and hereby place itself on record as being in favor of an amendment to the constitution of the United States providing for the election of United States Senators directly by the people, and on a regular state ticket.

Whereas, Believing that the clergymen of all religious sects are like other men, with the same weaknesses, infirmities and liabilities to err as all mankind, and that they are not only free to assume the citizenship of their adopted country, but that it is their duty to assume also the responsibilities attached thereto and partake to the fullest extent of that blessing with which all citizens of these United States are endowed—the right of universal suffrage—therefore,

Resolved, That we, workingmen and citizens of these United States, deprecate the interference of any theological dignitary seeking to influence or curtail in any manner whatever, the rights of clerical subordinates in exercising the privileges which cause this Republic to be dear to the hearts of all lovers of liberty.

AN INDIAN TREATY,

Whereby They Relinquish About 700 Square Miles of Territory.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 22.—A courier has just arrived at Helena from Fort Belknap, Indian Agency, with the report that the negotiations between the Indians at that point and commissioners have been concluded. The treaty is as follows: In consideration of the payment by the United States each year for ten years of $115,000, the Indians agree to relinquish all of their reservation with the exception of a small portion in the eastern part of their reservation, bounded as follows: Beginning at the mouth of Snake Creek and running southeast of the west side of the Little Rockies; thence east over the summit of the same to the head of Beaver Creek; thence north to the mouth of People's Creek; thence following the Milk River to the point of beginning.

This section will have an area of about 700 square miles. The payment is not to be made in cash, but to consist of merchandise, cattle, horses, etc.

The Indians are reported to be well provided for at their agency, but without a single exception seemed well pleased with the prospect of removal to new quarters.

Under the influence of Agent Baldwin the Indians begin to realize that they must yield to dissolution of the tribal relation, accept the land-in-severalty theory of the government, and engage in agricultural enterprises for their future support. The commission has fulfilled its mission in this section in a manner most satisfactory to all the parties concerned.

No Change in the Situation in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 25.—The Senatorial situation is without change. At noon the Senate proceeded to the hall of the House, and two ballots were taken. All the members were present to-day, and the figures went back to those of last week—Turpie, 75; Harrison, 71; Allen, 4.

Attorneys for Lieut. Gov. Robertson appeared in the Supreme court this morning and asked that a time be set for hearing arguments in the appeal from Judge Ayers' decision, restraining Robertson from performing the duties of lieutenant governor. The court will hear arguments on Thursday.

Ex-Sen. Paddock Will Succeed Van Wyck.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 24.—Ex-Sen. Paddock was nominated to succeed Sen. Van Wyck by the Republican caucus this morning, on the 19th ballot, and his nomination was made unanimous.

There were 95 members present. This settles the senatorial question in Nebraska, and Paddock will be elected in joint session to-day. The caucus lasted until 5 a. m.

LATER.—In joint session, at noon, Hon. A. S. Paddock was chosen United States senator to succeed Van Wyck. The vote was follows: Paddock, 94; McShane (Dem.), 32; Van Wyck, 4.

Jubilation in Massachusetts.

GLOUCESTER, Jan. 25.—There was great jubilation here last night over the passage of the retaliation fisheries bill by the Senate. A large crowd assembled in the vicinity of the postoffice and custom house, blocking the street and awakening echoes with frequent cheers and other manifestations of enthusiasm.

The general opinion is that the bill is just about what fishermen and vessel owners here desire. They do not want to be on unfriendly terms with the Canadians, but do want accordance of commercial rights and privileges.

MODERN VANITY FAIR.

First Presidential Reception of the Season, Attracts a Great Throng—People Who Were There and What They Wore—The Charming Hostess and Her Many Friends—A Brilliant Scene.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—(Special.)—The Washington season is now at its height. In the prologue placed by Mr. Thackeray at the beginning of his Vanity Fair, he said, referring to London in the year '48: "There is a great quantity of eating and drinking, making love and jilting, laughing and the contrary, cheating, fighting, dancing, and fiddling; there are bullies pushing about, bucks ogling the women, knaves picking pockets, policemen on the lookout, quacks (other quacks plague take them!) bawling in front of their booths, and yokels looking up at the tinselled dancers and poor old round tumblers, while the light-fingered folks are operating upon their pockets behind. Yes, this is Vanity Fair; not a moral place certainly nor a merry one, though very noisy."

Much of this is true of the Capitol in the year '87 and careful readers of social and political topics in the Washington correspondence will see the fitness of this quotation.

This has been a busy week in "Vanity Fair." Of course the President's and Mrs. Cleveland's reception to the Diplomatic corps on Thursday last was the most important of society events. As early as 8½ o'clock the guests began to arrive. So rapidly did the people come that the corridor and spacious East room was crowded by 9 o'clock, at which hour the Marine band began to discourse sweet music. The President, escorting Mrs. Manning, descended from the private apartments and the first State reception of '87 began in style. The President wore a full dress suit, and walked much more easily than at the New Year reception. There was not the least indication of rheumatism in his solid tread. Mrs. Manning wore a gorgeous robe of shell pink satin and white brocaded velvet, the latter ornamenting the front in wide side panels; corsage low and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Cleveland followed upon the arm of the secretary of State, Mr. Bayard. She was sumptuously arrayed in a cardinal red plush costume, with a full court train, low corsage and short sleeves edged with point lace. Her only jewelry was a superb necklace of diamonds. Her hands and arms were covered with long white gloves. Mrs. Vilas escorted by Mr. Manning, secretary of the Treasury, wore a beautiful gown of tea rose satin, embroidered with seed pearls, the corsage trimmed with masses of rich old point lace; her ornaments were diamonds.

Secs. Endicott and Whitney brought up the rear of the receiving party—the wives of neither gentlemen being present. Col. Wilson, who by the way rivals the President in embonpoint, (that's the most delicate way to express the gentleman's condition) marshaled his forces in the Blue Room, which by means of palms, ferns, blossoming plants and cut flowers had been transformed into a bower fit for Flora's self.

In the rear of the receiving party were massed as a background the Misses Manning, Miss Vilas, Miss Endicott, Miss Hoyne of Chicago, Miss Walker of Virginia, Miss Hastings, a niece of the President's, Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. and Miss Sears of Boston and enough more to fill out the picture. The representatives of the foreign states were assembled in the Red Parlor tricked out in their stars and garters, broad red ribbons, green ribbons, blue ribbons, gold laced coats, knee breeches, swords, cocked hats and strings of decorations dangling from their breasts.

They were led by Minister Preston, a colored gentleman, dean of the Diplomatic Corps, and the representative from the republic of Hayti. It was Marshal Wilson's distinguished privilege to present this gentleman first of all to the President and party. Mr. Preston is dean of the corps because he has been longer in service at this capitol than all the other ministers. It was at some pains to inquire into the fact to quiet the indignant curiosity of my lady companions, whose warm Kentucky blood was somewhat roiled by the toleration of such fooling by a Democratic reform administration. Ladies sometimes have the most unaccountable prejudices.

After the ambassadors, ministers, natural and official, had been duly presented and passed out, the grand crush began. Three streams of humanity met at the door of the reception room, one sweeping westward from the East Room, another moving eastward from the private apartments of the house along the great corridor, and a third crowding up from a temporary entrance through a window in the south front of the Red Room arranged for the exclusive use of the Diplomats.

The pushing and crowding would have been quite rude and vulgar if the pushers and crowders had not been ladies and gentlemen of the greatest distinction and best breeding. The pressure was so severe that one lady declared she "had rather be at home suffering with neuralgia." Pres. Cleveland and his lady aides now settled down to the business of the evening's handshaking—and succeeded in grasping the hands of two thousand statesmen, jurists, soldiers, mariners, bureaucrats, Democrats, Mugwups, "leaders of society," in ninety minutes—22 5-9 shakes every minute; a pretty good average.

At twenty minutes to 11 the President gave his arm to his "bonny bride" and promenaded through the Green Parlor, the East Room, along the grand corridor, and at 11 o'clock ascended the staircase and disappeared from public view. The scramble for couches commenced at once. Dignitaries came out dignity and shouted a number of their conveyance as do poolsellers in the quarter stretch at a race meeting. By midnight they had bundled into hacks and cabs and rattled off home. The lights were turned out, the ushers homeward plodded their weary ways and left the White House to darkness and to dreams—of '88, perhaps.

THE IRON TRADE.

What an Iron Master Says—Danger of English Importation.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20.—The *Press* quotes a prominent iron merchant as saying: "The wages of the men are based on a minimum price of $5 per ton. As the market improves and the selling price advances the wages of each class of workmen are increased according to a schedule. The price of iron at the mills have been unsettled of late, ranging from 1 95-100 to 2 cents, and higher, according to the conditions of delivery. It has proved unsatisfactory on all sides, and the improved market warranting it, the selling price had advanced, by agreement in the Eastern association, to $2 10 cents per pound. As compared with the demoralized basis of nearly a year ago, I should estimate that the advance means faom 12 to 15 per cent. higher wages."

The great question is, will the iron men maintain the price? If they do not, wages, of course, will get another set-back. There are nearly 4,000 employes of the Eastern association in the city. It is believed that the effect of the advance will be to quiet labor disturbances and the prospect of continued prosperity in the industry makes mill owners sanguine for a peaceful year. While the laborers are looking over a prospective raise in wages, the manufacturers begin to fear that in this marvelous advance in the prices of iron too much prosperity may ensue.

The opinion of Vice-Pres. James M. Swank, of the American Iron and Steel association, that the price of iron may be advanced to the importing point was the only topic of discussion in the iron offices on South Fourth street, yesterday, and his views were generally endorsed. It is believed that the danger of English importation of iron, induced by the high figures prevailing, and the still higher prices in prospect, is really imminent.

The New Jersey Senate.

TRENTON, Jan. 25.—The Senate met at 10 a. m. to-day. Sec. Reading called the body to order. Sen. Livingston stated that he held in his hand the credentials of seven-elect Werts, of Morris; Baker, of Cumberland; and Edwards, of Hudson (all Democrats), and he desired that these gentlemen should be sworn in and their names be placed on the roll. Sen. Griggs, at the same time, moved that the organization of the Senate be postponed to Friday next, and that the Senate adjourn to that date. The motion was carried by a vote of eight to three.

West Virginia Senatorship.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 25.—The Senate and House of Delegates met at noon to-day in their respective chambers and voted for United States senator. J. N. Camden, the present senator, received 40 votes—10 in the Senate and 30 in the House—a gain of 3 over the caucus. To-morrow the two houses will ballot in joint session, and as Mr. Camden needs six votes, it appears that the fight will be strong.

Tennessee Senatorship.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 25.—The Tennessee legislature assembled at noon to-day and proceeded with the sixth ballot for U. S. Senator. Ex-Gov. W. B. Bate (Dem.) received 81 votes, A. M. Hughes (Rep.) 43, Jas. D. Porter (Dem.), and Trimble (Rep.) voted for Porter. The Democrats are jubilant over the result.

The upper House of the Prussian Diet has unanimously adopted an address to Emperor William, expressing the willingness of the Prussian people to vote the means necessary for defending the German empire.

INTER-STATE COMMERCE BILL.

The Effect It Will Have on the Different Railroads.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—The *Times* this morning says: The passage of the inter-state commerce bill being now an assured fact, naturally creates inquiry as to the effect it will have on the numerous organizations which have been created for the pooling of competitive business, the law specially forbidding pooling of any description. Chicago has long been the center for such associations of railroad interests; among the notable are the Central Traffic, Southwestern Railway, Western Traffic, Northwestern Freight and Chicago and Ohio River associations. Numerous minor pools are also established here, but those named exceed in magnitude of operations any others on the list.

The expenses for the maintenance of these organizations are by no means inconsiderable, and at first thought it might be supposed that with the abandonment of pooling forced on the railroads by law there would at least be one compensating feature—namely, the saving of the expense which the pooling compacts entail on the parties interested.

A slight investigation, however, explodes this idea, and makes it clear that the railroad companies cannot afford to disband and act independently regarding competitive traffic, whether restramed from pooling earnings or not. It will at once be apparent to the thoughtful mind that the expenses of the associations named, which presumably range from $200,000 to $250,000 annually each, are not incurred in simply dividing up among each other the earnings on competitive traffic. If this alone were all that was required of these offices, they would not need the army of clerks which at present are engaged, and probably 5 per cent. of the present staff of each could be dispensed with. In addition, however, to the earnings, the commissioners compile elaborate statistics of business covered, by reason of the fact that the companies thereby obtain an intelligent knowledge of their business. All unite in agreeing that one of the principal duties for the maintenance of agreed rates is the establishment of conditions which permit of an exchange of information regarding the business of each other.

Another feature of these organizations is that they publish jointly for all parties concerned the agreed rates, and a large proportion of the expenses for the printing and incidental clerical labor. The additional cost to railroads, if each were called upon to issue its own rates on all competitive freight, would exceed that incurred in support of the joint organizations, and furthermore, the multiplications of publications in this way would, as a natural result, cause many costly errors and serious misunderstandings.

Other reasons for combination in the conduct of the business are to be found in the impossibility of the lines individually protecting themselves against fraud and competition over shipping communities. It seems reasonable that the railroads will consider it essential to their well-being to continue the co-operative arrangements existing, regardless of the prohibition or the division of earnings between the lines, and inasmuch as under the generally accepted construction of the long and short haul clause, the failure to maintain rates at competitive points will force a reduction from local stations, it needs no prophetic power to discern that the railroads will lead their energies to, if anything, a more complete system of organization regarding competitive traffic from motives of self-interest.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN'S WILL.

The Heirs and Executors and the Free Public Library Clause.

ALBANY, Jan. 21.—A skirmish between the heirs of the late Samuel J. Tilden and the executors of his will occurred yesterday in the hearing before the Assembly Judiciary committee on the bill incorporating the Tilden trust. Executors Andrew H. Green and Robert H. Smith were present, with their counsel, Lewis Cass Ledyard, to urge that the bill be reported favorably upon at once.

Counsellor Jas. Oliver of New York, appeared for Samuel E. Tilden, and asked for a postponement of two weeks, or until the executors had filed an answer to the suit brought by the heirs to have a judicial construction put upon section No. 35 of the will, which provides for the free public library and creates the trust. The heirs claim that the section is void and invalidates the will, because of its ambiguity.

Mr. Oliver said there was no hurry to pass the trust bill, and, although the heirs intended, if the will was declared void, to deed over to the city the Tilden mansion in Gramercy Park, with its contents, the books and manuscripts at Greystone, and endow a free public library, worth three or four million dollars, they objected to the rushing through of the trust bill until the executors had filed an answer to their complaint now before the court. He explained that there might be something in the executors' answer that would put a different light on the matter.

An impression upon those who heard the arguments was that the heirs, if they win their case, want the credit of endowing the library, and that the trustees want the moral support that the passage of an act of incorporation would give them in the pending suit.

THE GREAT LARD DEAL.

The Suit of Wells Against McGeogh Decided Against Wells.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 22.—The famous suit of Daniel Wells, Jr., against Peter McGeogh, the well known speculator, with whom he was associated in the disastrous lard deal at Chicago in 1883, was decided by Judge Mann, in the county court, this morning, in favor of McGeogh, the suit being dismissed, with costs.

The suit grew out of the failure of the great lard deal. Wells and McGeogh advanced $450,000 to settle the affairs of the stranded firm of McGeogh, Everingham & Co., and immediately thereafter Wells brought suit against McGeogh, charging the latter with securing, through misrepresentation, his (Wells's) half of the amount paid in settlement.

The court decided that Wells was fully informed of the particulars of the deal, and that, therefore, there was no fraud; that it was a "jump" settlement, that must stand in the absence of detail accounts by Wells.

Furthermore, the judge says, the dealings of the firm were gambling contracts and conspiracies against public policy, and for that reason the court could not in any event entertain the suit.

The court was crowded, and the decision was received with a great deal of interest.

A STRONG PASTORAL LETTER

On the Relations of the Catholic Church to Capital and Labor.

BUFFALO, Jan. 24.—The Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, Catholic bishop of Buffalo, has written a very strong pastoral letter, which was read yesterday in all the churches of the diocse se.

"Labor and capital," says the bishop, "the working masses and moneyed aristocracy, may look for even-handed and impartial treatment at the hands of God's church; yet no one can fail to see where sympathy lies or to whom her heart goes out in the tenderest affection. Honest and industrious work, the bone and sinew of the nation, the church blesses you; owns your right to combine peaceably to secure the amelioration of your condition, an equitable share of the profits of your hard labor, a remuneration for your daily toil, to maintain yourselves and families in decency and reasonable competency, in homes where cherished children may be the comfort of your leisure hours. If there shall be any other nation, it can only be by your thought your own suicidal folly; because of the unjust principles you adopt, the unlawful ends you propose to yourselves, or the immoral means you use to attain your object. But should you, in spite of her warning voice, fly in the face of Divine law, aim a blow at society, be carried away by anti-social, anarchical, immoral and irreligious theories, no matter by whom propounded or by whom defended, you certainly may expect the church's condemnation, swift and sure, leaving a monument as striking as Babel's tower on the plains of Shinar, and of the supreme folly of building in opposition to the Almighty."

Powderly and the Anarchists.

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—General Master Workman Powderly's letter to Mrs. Rogers, instructing her as master workman of District Assembly No. 24 to use her authority in preventing local assemblies of the Knights of Labor from raising money for the anarchist defense fund, is creating more discussion in the assemblies now than it did when it was first received here, because, it is asserted, the socialists are attempting to use it as a weapon against the influence and authority of Mr. Powderly. It is claimed that special committees have been appointed by a number of the more radical assemblies to make direct replies to the order. Assembly 1,307, of which Anarchist Parsons is a member, took the initiative in the letter-writing business, and through a special committee has sent a letter to Mr. Powderly, informing him that the assembly has a right to dispose of its funds in any way it sees fit, if it pays its share toward the general expenses and the sinking fund.

A LETTER FROM BLAINE.

Sympathy for the Irish Cause, Without Regard to Political Differences.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—This letter was sent to Patrick Ford, who was chairman of the Michael Davitt demonstration Sunday night:

DEAR SIR:—I thank you and your committee for inviting me to be present at the meeting in New York, called to honor Michael Davitt on the eve of his return to his native land, to whose welfare he has devoted himself with heroic unselfishness. It is not in my power to leave home at this time, but I cannot refrain from congratulating Mr. Davitt upon the cordiality with which he has been everywhere received as he has traversed our country from ocean to ocean.

He can carry with him the assurance and the evidence that the great mass of American citizens, without regard to political or religious differences, sympathize with Irishmen in their struggle to be released from the poverty which oppresses them, and in their efforts to secure the protection and the advantage of local government, with strict observance of every national obligation. The American friends of Ireland speak only for the sacred rights of justice and humanity. We desire Mr. Davitt to interpret this sentiment to his suffering countrymen, and to bear to the most illustrious statesman of England our greeting and blessing. We pray God that Mr. Gladstone's life may be spared until his career shall have been crowned with the noblest achievement of British statesmanship. Very sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

CANNOT TAKE PLACE.

The Spies-Van Zandt Marriage—The Sheriff of Cook County Objects, and that Settles the Matter—Miss Nina Refused an Interview.

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—Sheriff Matson positively refuses to allow the marriage of Spies, the condemned anarchist, and Nina Van Zandt to take place. He says: "I am surprised that her parents have even permitted the girl to visit the jail, and much more that they would consent to let her wed in prison such a man, and that they will not attempt to save their own child from never-ending shame and disgrace. It shall see that she is at least given a chance to look before she leaps. I have consulted with a good many persons during the last few days, and I find that public opinion is almost unanimously against the marriage. It is so strong, in fact, that after talking the matter over with State's Attorney Grinnell, I am firmly resolved that the marriage should be indefinitely postponed. I hope that Miss Van Zandt and her friends will be reconciled to wait, and believe that my views are right; but whether they do or not I am confident that the people of Chicago will applaud my course. It is not necessary to ask how I shall prevent Spies is my prisoner, and as such is entitled to such privileges or liberties as I may think proper to give him. The only person whom I am obliged to allow access to him is his lawyer."

Miss Van Zandt appeared quite indifferent when told of the sheriff's decision, but refused to be interviewed on the subject.

Miss Van Zandt appeared in the jail about 10 o'clock this morning, and sought an interview with Spies. The jail officials, however, in obedience to the sheriff's orders, refused to allow her to enter.

A MISSING HEIRESS.

A Story of Two Cities—Looking for a Four-Year-Old Baby.

DENVER, Jan. 22.—The whereabouts of a baby four years of age, and heiress to about $1,000,000, is exciting great interest in Denver. The child is the daughter of James M. Patrick, of Colorado, who married a daughter of millionaire McManus, of St. Louis, about 1879. Patrick is a member of the St. Louis family of Patricks, who are wealthy and influential. The young couple traveled in Europe, and on their return went to Bradley county, Tenn. Soon after they returned from the continent a baby was born, and in 1881 they came to Colorado.

Owing to Mrs. Patrick's failing health, Mrs. Patrick and child were sent to Canon City, where both are said to have been spirited away from the state by a friend or relative of McManus. The husband began search, and learned that they had been taken to the McManus mansion in St. Louis. This occurred last summer, and in October Mrs. Patrick died.

It is asserted that before her death she made a will disinheriting the child, having been made to believe that she had been deserted by her husband. They will now be contested in St. Louis courts, and it is said that Mr. Patrick will soon begin suit in the courts of that city in relation to the child and her interests, which are estimated to be worth a million dollars. The father is still making every effort to find the child.

A FEMALE COUNTERFEITER.

Good Imitation Silver Dollars Being Turned Out in Texas.

FORTH WORTH, Tex., Jan. 21.—John T. Callahan and a Mrs. Willey were arrested here last night on a charge of counterfeiting. For some time past this part of the state has been flooded with silver dollars, but no clew could be obtained as to where they came from until yesterday, when a man who called himself Cargill, and two boys were arrested in Alvardo for passing the spurious coin. After detection and arrest, one of the boys told the officers where the "mint" was located, and who ran it.

Warrants were sworn out and placed in the hands of the United States marshal for Mrs. Willey and the man Calahan. Mrs. Willey was found in the room where it is supposed the spurious coins have been made. She resisted arrest, and almost overpowered the officers. Callahan was found later. A search is being made for the dies and molds. The counterfeits are good imitations, and have a clear ring, but lack the weight of the genuine dollar. It is said that several thousand of the false coins are now in circulation.

Alaska.

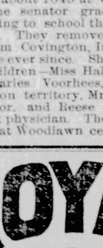
CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—Gov. Swineford, of Alaska, who was in the city, last evening, en route to Washington, said the object of his journey is to make an effort to have the territorial laws of the United States extended to Alaska. At present, no title to realty can be had, and consequently the settlement of the country or its development in any respect is almost totally precluded.

"The opposition to an extension of the land laws comes from the Alaska Commercial company," said Gov. Swineford. "The officers of the company disclaim it, but I have noticed that whenever any proposition is brought before Congress looking to the development of the country, some agent of the company is always present to oppose it."

The Old Home of Mrs. Voorhees.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Jan. 22.—The news of the death of Mrs. Anna Hardesty Voorhees, wife of Sen. Voorhees, was received with sadness here. Mrs. Voorhees was a kind, Christian woman, a member of the Episcopal church, and had a large circle of friends here. She was married to Sen. Voorhees about 1849 at Greencastle, Ind., where the senator graduated. It was while going to school that he met her in that city. They removed to this city in 1857, from Covington, Ind., and have resided here ever since. She was the mother of five children—Miss Hallie Voorhees, the Hon. Charles Voorhees, delegate from Washington territory, Mr. James P. Voorhees, actor, and Ileese Voorhees, now a New York physician. Their youngest child is buried at Woodlawn cemetery, this city.

ROYAL



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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

A Breezy Story, Implicating Ex-Minister Washburne's Reputation.

PARIS, Jan. 19.—The publication in *Scribner's Magazine* of ex-Minister Washburne's "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris" has created a good deal of indignation in France, and the comment of *Le Figaro*, "Mr. Washburne shows very little sympathy for us," may be fairly accepted as expressing the general sentiment here.

In retaliation for what the French consider as uncalled for insinuations in the "Reminiscences," Mr. Washburne's record as minister of the United States in Paris during the siege of the city has been overhauled, and some of the stories told in connection with his action during those troublous times, if true, do not redound exactly to his credit as a diplomatist of a friendly power. But the worst insinuations of them has been told by Prince De Wittgenstein, who was military attache to the Russian legation in Paris during the siege, and who occupied the same relation to the French and German armies, as a bond of communication, that Mr. Washburne did to the diplomatic unit up in Paris and the German chancellor.

The prince's story is well worth repeating, if only to give Mr. Washburne a chance to contradict it, or include it in the next batch of "Reminiscences." Before and during the siege of Paris the Prince De-Wittgenstein, who is husband of the Princesse De Mingrelie, had his official residence at No. 120 Champs Elyses. One day, he says, two ladies appeared and delivered to his valet two letters, accompanied by two lois. The letters were addressed to relatives of the ladies in the provinces and the Russian legation was somewhat astonished when his valet presented them to him, with the gold. He began to sniff a mystery, but it was insoluble to him until the following day, when the ladies appeared again and asked for the return of the letters and the money. They told the prince that they had made a mistake. They had been informed that he had made of himself a kind of German postoffice, that he exchanged letters daily with Versailles, and that on the payment of twenty francs (about $4) he used his facilities to forward letters through the German lines to the provinces.

"But," said the spokesman of the two, "we have made a mistake. It is in the Rue de Chaillot, at the United States legation, that the letters are taken."

The prince says that he returned the letters and the money, and decided to see if the story of the woman was true. The next day, and two days after, in order to satisfy himself, he sent letters and twenty-franc pieces to the legation presided over by Mr. Washburne, who pocketed the lois, and sent forward the letters.

Mr. Washburne, it is asserted, took no pains to find out what the letters contained, and for all he knew, information to the German commanders besieging Paris of the condition of defense might have been sent out daily through his profitable postoffice. How much money he made by this thrifty, but scarcely diplomatic stroke of business, nobody but himself knows, but for the truth of the story, the Prince DeWittgenstein stands ready to vouch.

Panic in a Theater—17 Lives Lost.

LONDON, Jan. 19.—A frightful accident happened in this city last evening.